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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

The Truth About The National Government

THE "National" Government is a menace to the well-being of the country. The country voted for a Conservative Government by an overwhelming majority in order that it might repair the ravages of the preceding Socialist Government, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister.

The deceit of "National" was engineered by party politicians who pooled their personal interests and ladled out a Socialist and Pacifist policy.

In this "National" Government, men of outstanding British character were ostentatiously ignored. Mr. Winston Churchill, the greatest figure in Empire politics; Mr. L. S. Amery, a protagonist of the Empire overseas; Lord Lloyd, a leading pro-consul, who alone has sustained British interests with a firm hand and, in consequence, was cashiered by the Socialist, Mr. J. H. Thomas — all these and others were shelved. Lord Irwin (now Halifax), the biggest failure India has ever known among her various Viceroy, was brought in due course into the Cabinet.

From the very beginning the "Key" positions were held by the enemies of Conservatism. Sir John Simon, a sentimental little Englander, who when the war started was a strong Pacifist, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, without any other qualifications except that he was a lawyer and a peace-at-any-price man. Mr. Runciman, an avowed Free Trader, was put at the Board of Trade to negotiate Tariff Treaties with Foreign Powers.

Our foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation, compromise with principles, mixed with interference or meddling with other nation's affairs. We have alienated Japan, a trusty ally, to the detriment of our interests in the Far East, and Sir John Simon's crowning act of folly has been to move every stone to welcome Russia into the League of Nations, although Russia's hands are red with the murder of millions, and although she has persecuted Christians, made war on Christianity, has spent large sums in organising world revolution, and has repudiated all her obligations.

The National Government has set its face determinedly to surrender India to the extremists, which will lead to insurrection, war, probably massacre, and destroy British interests and capital in a way to bring ruin on millions in India and at home. This was the policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and has been accepted by Mr. Baldwin.

Worst of all is the manner in which the Government has disarmed in the face of the growing menace of war throughout Europe and Asia.

Our Air Force is in a deplorable condition, we are quite unable to offer any defence, let alone counter-attack, if we were compelled to fight. Our future programme is despicable, and although Mr. Baldwin made brave speeches, they appear to be only eye-wash.

Our Squadrons are not more than a fifth of what Germany could employ to-morrow. Our machines are deficient in speed, our aerodromes and personnel far below any margin of safety. Nor have we the engineering resources to fall back upon in any emergency.

Our Navy and Army are far below the national requirements. Lord Beatty, among others, has said bluntly that the Navy could not guarantee supplies in the event of war. The Army is under-officered, under-manned, and our technical corps are far inferior to those of Great Powers on the Continent.

In other words the Government have used the national revenues to try and buy support from the proletariat, and under the excuse of a disarmament policy have left Britain at the mercy of a foreign foe.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without these a nation cannot live. The existence of our country in the future depends on the destruction of this monstrosity and its replacement by a Government which places Britain's interests first and foremost.

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Notes of the Week

The Land of the Godless

Soviet officials ostentatiously refrained from attending the memorial service in Moscow to the murdered King Alexander owing to their opposition to any form of the Christian religion and to the identification of the Soviet Government with the "League of the Godless" and the systematic suppression of Christianity.

Let pious and well-meaning Socialists in this country—Mr. George Lansbury being a conspicuous example—who declare that everything in the Russian garden is lovely and that the Soviet can do no wrong, put that in their pipe of peace and smoke it.

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A Socialist Paradox

So far as we have been able to trace, there has never been a single protest from the British Labour Party or any kindred organisation in this country against the anti-God activities of Soviet Russia, from the torture and execution of bishops to blasphemous poster-propaganda.

But these gentry are raising much hullabaloo over the revolt of the Church in Germany against what is described as Nazi paganism. Herr Hitler's policy in this respect is negligible compared with the seventeen years of intensive Bolshevik paganism. As usual, your Socialist strains at a gnat, and, because it suits his book to do so, swallows an outsize in camels with a saucy smile.

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Dangerous Bunkum

At the same time, Herr Hitler and his lieutenants are doing an extremely unwise thing in alienating religious sympathy in Germany, and General Goering's assertion that the Christian Church had "undermined the Nordic race" is bunkum—and dangerous bunkum.

Its immediate effect will be to unite in opposition the Catholics and the Protestants and that is a combination which may well herald the downfall of Nazidom before very few of the thousand years Herr Hitler claims that it will last have expired.

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Undermining State and Church

It would appear on the facts mentioned in Lady Houston's article, published elsewhere, that the black dry-rot of communism is being introduced not only into the State but into the Church in every phase and every form—no doubt by order from Russia. In this connection the following quotation is interesting:

"Mr. Hore-Belisha, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, answering a question on May 2nd, said: 'The imports of oil from the Soviet Union during the years 1930 and 1931 were of a declared value of £5,691,709 and £4,099,740 respectively. IT IS IMPRACTICABLE TO SAY HOW MUCH OF THIS OIL WAS PRODUCED FROM PROPERTIES FORMERLY BRITISH OWNED.'"

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The Air Menace

Let us reiterate—and face with what equanimity we may—a few facts. Great Britain has an Air Force which in strength, for all its undoubted efficiency, ranks *eighth* among European powers. Germany's air forces are *ten times greater* than our own. The British Cabinet has just announced its intention of adding 492 machines *within the next five years*. Soviet Russia is to add—and makes no bones about it—5,000 machines *at once*.

If anybody, whether true patriot or one of those strange people who proclaim that the highest form of patriotism is to urge that their own country shall be defenceless, can feel comfortable in view of the above, then he or she is a certifiable case.

The Terrible Truth

This is not a question of the ethics of war and peace, which we may leave Messrs. A. A. Milne and Beverley Nichols to deal with in their delicate literary style. It is a question of grim reality and appalling danger. Even Lord Beaverbrook's policy of isolation, with its plea that no Englishman shall march about Europe with a rifle—sound as far as it goes though it does not go far—does not apply.

If nothing else that is useful has resulted from the Conservative conference at Bristol, we can at least be grateful that some portion of it has had its nerves jogged sufficiently to demand that the air force expansion policy, announced by Mr. Baldwin in July and, with characteristic placidity left at that, shall take on some measure of reality.

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Germany Gets Ready

We may refer our readers to the review of "Germany's Secret Armaments" published elsewhere in our columns. Its author Dr. Helmut Klotz is an ex-officer of the German navy, ex-member of the Reichstag, and now a fugitive from Germany. In May last the German air fleet numbered from 2,000 to 2,300 machines, with a reserve of at least 5,000 to 6,000 high-powered engines. By this month she would have about 60,000 fully qualified pilots. The Junkers works at Dessau are expanding at a prodigious rate and turning out bombers at the rate of 600 a year, capable of a maximum speed of 182 miles an hour, carrying from 3 to 3½ tons of bombs. At the Bavarian Motor Works they are now producing powerful engines at the rate of 2,400 a year. Vast underground hangars are ready, invisible and bombproof beneath the most important aerodromes. Disconcerting these statements are they not?

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Mr. Baldwin's "I.O.U.'s" as Defence

Confirmed, too, in other directions. Only the other day an English visitor in the neighbourhood of Coburg saw a fleet of about 150 planes indulging in military manœuvres, which issued from an unseen subterranean aerodrome. They were euphemistically termed "commercial" planes. Where do the Germans get the money for this huge armament? Dr. Klotz says the estimates of 14 millions sterling for 1934 may well be multiplied four or five times to arrive at the truth. Germany is not paying her debts, starving herself and suffering in order to raise the funds for a short sharp war. The only off-set to this growing menace are the various verbal "I.O.U.'s" of Mr. Baldwin who talks about means to protect us but does not redeem them. One only other apparent "salvation" is Geneva, and abject surrender when London and our centres lie in smoking ruins, under clouds of gas!

The French Channel Fleet

It will be interesting to see the result on British Naval policy brought about by the concentration of a strong French fleet in the Channel. Based on Brest and Cherbourg, this squadron will be equal, if not superior, in strength to the whole of the British Home Fleet.

Most of the French ships are of very modern design and have been built during the last three or four years. Our own are much less recent, some, indeed, being already over the age limit laid down in the London Treaty. This is the result of our incredible policy of pacifism during the past decade, and it is to be hoped that the presence of a modern force based so close to the focal points of our trade routes will awaken some of our lily-livered statesmen from their lethargy.

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The Naval Conversations

With the arrival of Mr. Norman Davis and Admiral Yamamoto, representing the United States and Japan respectively, a start will doubtless be made without delay on those discussions that are intended to clear the way for the Naval Conference which, according to the Treaty of London, has to be held next year. No exact date was specified, and it will not be at all surprising if it is never fixed, or if it is, and the Conference is held, that the result will be precisely *nil*.

From the point of view of British and Empire interests the treaty was always most objectionable—a thoroughly wretched business, brought about by the predominantly Pacifist atmosphere of the time and the belief that the "blessings of international co-operation" were to be speedily extended to all mankind. To-day the atmosphere is entirely changed, and internationalism is at such a heavy discount that it might as well be thrown on the ash heap. The limitation of armaments, naval or otherwise, is no longer practical politics in a world which now all too plainly thinks the race to the swift and the battle to the strong.

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French Policy Unchanged

M. Doumergue has reconstructed his Government, its new and most important feature being the appointment of M. Laval as Minister of Foreign Affairs in place of the late M. Barthou. Laval is if anything a shade farther to the Right than was Barthou, and it is certain that he will in general pursue the same policy *vis-à-vis* Germany. A statement that he wished to begin direct negotiations with Hitler was a canard and was promptly repudiated. Doumergue would not have tolerated such a step for a moment; as is well-known Barthou did nothing without first obtaining his approval, and in present conditions such

negotiations are plainly impossible. If the death of Poincaré has not added to the political burdens Doumergue carries so gamely it must have saddened him.

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A Terrorist Farm

Amid the heart-felt lamentations of his people the murdered King Alexander has gone to his rest in his native land; the boy King Peter II is in Belgrade, and the Regency functions. All reports agree that Yugo-Slavia is perfectly tranquil, and that the early reports of disturbances were greatly exaggerated. Signor Mussolini's attitude is friendly, and there is reason to believe that the Regents will continue the policy of *rapprochement* with Italy via France that led to King Alexander's ill-fated visit to the latter country. So far, so good. But what is not so good and may yet lead to international trouble is the discovery that the gang of murderers who plotted the assassination had their headquarters on a farm in Hungary, a short distance from the Yugo-Slav frontier. The details published of the "terrorist farm" read like sensational fiction, and it is no wonder that the Hungarian Government denies responsibility.

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The Noise Nuisance

Lord Horder's anti-noise campaign continues and deserves every encouragement. His attack on noisy hotels has been met with indignant criticism from the managements of some of London's most modern establishments, where doubtless noise has been to a large extent eliminated. But it remains well-founded in the case of the vast majority of hotels in both London and the country, where lifts rattle and bang all night, chamber-maids wield noisy brooms or still noisier vacuum-cleaners in the grey dawn, and clattering dustbins are bumped about in the small hours beneath one's bedroom window.

Lord Horder laid special stress on this dust-bin nuisance, from which flat-dwellers as well as hotel visitors suffer, and his suggestion that the metal of the bins should be encased in rubber is a sound and practicable one.

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Shades of Nelson

This is said to be the age of the child. A British Vice-Admiral and the officers of a British warship have given little Shirley Temple, the infant film-star (whose income is many times greater than that of an Admiral of the Fleet) with a silver spoon "as a present from the British Navy." Which will doubtless cheer little Shirley as much as it will gratify the shade of another little person whose name was Nelson and who never went to Hollywood.

Again, Thelma, Lady Furness, has declared that £9,600 a year is an inadequate amount for the upkeep of little Gloria Vanderbilt, "when it is remembered that tutors, doctors, nurses, chauffeurs, and motor-cars all cost money." It is, of course, inconceivable that a Vanderbilt child should struggle along with one tutor, one doctor, one nurse, one chauffeur, and one motor-car.

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The Herring Industry

The East Coast herring season is now at its height. The fish are shoaling off Lowestoft and Yarmouth. Yet no fewer than seven hundred boats have been lying idle in these two harbours, and over two thousand fishermen are temporarily out of work. This state of affairs is the result of the present glut, due mostly to the loss of the export trade with Germany and Russia. In the quay markets at Yarmouth, herrings have been selling at twenty for a penny, and the retail price in London is only threepence a pound.

It is a scandal that nothing whatsoever is done to alleviate the position. All that wholesome food is lying at our doors at a ridiculously low price and yet, if the fishermen go to sea, they have to face a loss on their running costs. If Lady Houston's campaign for the consumption by our population of a herring a week bore fruit, not only would we ourselves gain in health, but our fishermen would be put back into remunerative work.

In only too much of England unemployed men who would give anything for work are looking for food that they can afford to purchase for themselves and their family. Is there no way by which they can be helped by offering them the cheapest and most nourishing of all foodstuffs?

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The Third International

Socialism has been routed in Spain beyond all doubt, but that defeat has had a sequel, though not in Spain itself, to which the widest possible attention should be directed, especially in our own country. On Monday a meeting was arranged at Brussels between representatives of the Second (Labour and Socialist) International and the Third International, which is the other name of the Soviet. The object was to concert joint action against "Fascist and monarchist reaction in Spain." Here we have the latest development of the Common Front—the Socialist-Communist alliance, which, we are glad to say, had no success in the recent French local elections, but now threatens to be extremely active everywhere by inspiration from Moscow, particularly as the Soviet, under the aegis of the League of Nations, has many more openings than ever before. What have you to say, Mr. Baldwin?

"The Gorge"

By Lord Byron (Murray, 3s. 6d.)

Reviewed by LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

WHEN I opened this book a slip of paper on which was written: "With the Angel's love", fell out and, not knowing that Lord Byron, my brother-in-law, was "the Angel" who had sent it, and had written it, I for a moment thought that it must be an unknown work of the Poet's; I only realised after reading a few pages that it was a living work by a living author, described on the cover as:

"A fantasy, an allegory, a survey of life and an appeal to idealism."

But I do not quite agree with this description, for I think it is much more an appeal to the Truth than an appeal to idealism, for "The Truth shall make you whole," and Lord Byron believes the truth to be that we in this world are constantly wrestling with the forces of Good and of Evil, and that Evil is on the increase because we are too faint-hearted and too cowardly to fight the good fight and denounce the Devil; for the cult of the ungodly is the corner-stone of Socialism, although this is carefully hidden by Socialist leaders in this country.

I look upon this book as a Voice urging us to think seriously, to face boldly—as the author is trying to face—Evil in all its phases—and above all evil is that evil that teaches little children in our Socialist Sunday schools that they must neither worship God, nor honour the King. *This little-known fact* is a blot and a disgrace that would not be permitted in any other Christian country in the world, and should be quite enough to prevent any parent voting for a Socialism which teaches their children to be the Devil's Disciples.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said Jesus.

The Pope of Rome has valiantly fought this sin against the Holy Ghost, and fed for some time fifteen hundred starving children in Russia, until Stalin, the enemy of Christianity, refused to allow Russian children to be fed by a Christian Pope, saying that he preferred that they should rather die, so bent are those in authority in Russia on hammering into the souls of their people this devil-worship. Herod's massacre of the Innocents was less vile, for Herod massacred their bodies, but Bolshevism and Socialism are not content with this: **THEIR AIM IS THE MASSACRE OF THEIR SOULS.** And what have our Bishops done? They could have stopped all this had they so wished, and it was their duty so to do.

All Christians must have rejoiced to read that the Pope congratulated De Valera when he raised his voice at the League of Nations against the admission of these Russian emissaries of Satan into the League.

It gladdens one's heart and warms one's tepid faith to read Lord Byron's book, in which he describes himself as an angel of God. That is what is warm and lovely about it. He humbly claims to be on the side of the angels, and this is what no-one else seems to do in our Church—not in the same refreshingly simple and convincing words.

I turn from this to quote a letter which I have just read, written to the Editor of the *National Review*.

Englishmen shall not Pray

To the Editor of "The National Review."

SIR,—I venture to send, in case you have not

seen it elsewhere, a startling bit of news which appeared in the "Western Mail and South Wales News" on September 1st.

A correspondent who has returned from a tour of the northern capitals, including Leningrad, on the Cunard liner "Carinthia," informs the "Western Mail and South Wales News":—

"At 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 11, the following message was posted:

"'Divine Service 10 a.m. Sunday.'

"Later that evening we picked up a pilot and several Soviet officers, and at 9.45 p.m. the following notice was posted:

"'Owing to the arrival on board of Soviet authorities it has been necessary to cancel Divine Service.'"

I wish I had been the commanding officer of "Carinthia" at the time; but *perhaps he had instructions from home!* It is unbelievable that such a thing should happen on a British ship.

How much lower are we going to fall?

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
GEORGE O. NAPIER.

Llanybyther, S. Wales.

September 4th, 1934.

HOW MUCH LOWER INDEED ARE WE GOING TO FALL?

If I were the Archbishop of Canterbury I would travel through the width and breadth of the land with a fiery Cross, and from every hilltop would denounce with a loud voice, with all my heart, with all my soul and with all my strength this cult of the ungodly which is being introduced into our Land. Mere lukewarm remonstrances carry no weight and it is time, and overdue, that the Head of the English Church should fight tooth and nail against this infamy, which will destroy and is meant to destroy the splendid English character we have inherited from our Forefathers.

Assassinating an Empire

By Kim

THE Select Committee's Majority Report on India was signed last Friday. There is no reason to believe that the Government majority on the Committee have made any concessions of importance to the great body of public opinion which demands that British security should not be undermined. In other words the "profound principle" held by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to give the Indian Politicians full and complete control, which is no doubt dictated by Russia, has been maintained, as indeed was bound to happen.

No safeguards can be imposed when the power of Government is handed over to others. "Safeguards" were inserted in the Constitution of the Irish Free State, but nevertheless the Loyalists were murdered and ruined, their property sequestered, annuities agreed upon were repudiated and the Irish Free State is to-day Republican in all but name. What a farce that Bristol vote was! The "Reforms" will be granted, and India will go the way of Free State Ireland, for her politicians are just as implacable and even more fanatical than the extremist Irish. And Russia can claim to have knocked another nail in the coffin of the British Empire—*according to plan.*

The only "safeguards" that would be tolerable would be British control of the Police Force. They have to cope with the lawlessness of the frontier, inter-racial feuds, hooliganism in the cities, terror-

ism by the sedition mongers, and the activities of gangs of criminals. The Police Force consists of 198,000 men, all natives but with 600 British officers and 800 sergeants, and is unarmed except for a few reserves. *But the Select Committee do not propose to recommend that the Police are reserved to the Crown. They intend to place them under the Indian politicians who will have it in their power to dismiss all the Europeans in the Force.* Bravo Ramsay, thou good and faithful servant to Russia!

This is a terrible prospect; for there will be no adequate protection for the minorities, who include some 150,000 white men, women, and children, about 77 millions of Moslems, besides Sikhs, Parsees, Indian-Christians, and over 60 million "Untouchables." It is inevitable that once power is handed over, the only organised political party to take office is the Congress Party, and the men constituting this Party have always proved themselves utterly hostile to the Police and the British in India. **THEY ARE MIXED UP IN THE TERRORIST PLOTS. THEY HAVE PUBLICLY BURNT THE UNION JACK AND BOYCOTTED BRITISH GOODS.** They boast that when they obtain power they will repudiate all British loans and have drawn up a ridiculous and fantastic list of claims against the British Government, starting with the Indian Mutiny in 1857. When these men are given control of the Police there is nothing to prevent them from a

repetition of the Mutiny on a prodigious scale, and from confiscating every asset and property of British subjects.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare and their satellites have not between the lot of them one spark of patriotism. They need not make any pretence that they do not realise perfectly that if this surrender policy is successful in Parliament and the Bill, now drafted in the India Office, goes through, they will bring utter financial ruin on the State. All securities will slump, unemployment will go up by leaps and bounds, and they will have destroyed the Empire by a miserable stroke of the pen. This is the pretty little plot hatched by Russia to annihilate us, and Ramsay MacDonald has been chosen to see it through.

This man will gleefully and cheerfully hand over the destinies of India and those of our own kith and kin for less than a mess of pottage. For India is not a country but a sub-continent with a population of over 355 millions, 61 per cent. of whom are continuously undernourished through insufficient food. Their physique, strength and mental development are all arrested by reason of this. The races of India are numerous owing to various waves of invasion, and include Dravidians, Aryans, Persians, Greeks, Mongols, Huns, Arabs and Moguls. They are mutually hostile and suspicious of each other. Hindoo—Moslem hatred having endured for 1200 years. What a framework on which to base Western democratic ideals! BUT IT IS THE WILL OF RUSSIA AND RAMSAY MUST OBEY.

More than 300 million cannot read or write. Seven million have votes, of whom the vast majority are so illiterate that their voting papers are decorated with crude pictures of candidates, depicted as animals or birds, umbrellas or bicycles, and so forth. The Government "Reforms" propose to add another 30 millions to the franchise, but even then only one person in ten will have a vote, about 90 per cent. of them being illiterate and ignorant.

It may be a question whether the policy of British Governments not to interfere in the Hindoo faith in the past has been a wise one in the long run. The Brahmin faith, not the Buddhist, is a strange paganism which has not advanced for the last 2,500 years, at least. It is true suttee-ism is prohibited (the sacrifice of a widow on the pyre of her dead husband) but it is still secretly practised, as is generally known and winked at. This form of paganism, which seems to have been based on the long extinct worship of Saturn, leads to the worst forms of superstition, to whispers of mischief makers, and to snares and extravagances. It leads to horrors that attend childbirth, to the crudest practices for the cure of diseases, and to indescribable cruelty even to sacred animals. The Hindoos feel no pity. It is foreign to their nature. The plight of the sixty million outcasts (in a caste system introduced by their Aryan conquerors for good reasons) leaves them cold because it is ascribed to a sin in a previous existence. SUCH ARE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO GET THE VOTE and decide the rulership of

India, and the safety and fortune of millions of Britons who have entrusted their lives and their livelihood into the hands of an India controlled by the Government of Britain, but who are now betrayed by this shameful Government.

The question remains whether we are to allow Mr. Baldwin, out of deference to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to bring the Empire down in ruins on our heads, or, instead, defeat him utterly in the ugly conspiracy these two have engineered against the interests of Britain, of India, and of the world. Mr. Baldwin holds no mandate from the Conservative Party to surrender India. In 1929, when he was returning from Aix-les-Bains, he received a request from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asking him to give his support to Home Rule and Dominion status for India. WITHOUT CONSULTING ANY OF HIS COLLEAGUES OF THE PARTY, MR. BALDWIN AGREED. Thus it comes about that the Conservatives who voted in 1931 for what they *thought* was a "National" Government in the true sense, namely a pro-Empire Government, have had their support misused and misappropriated for the very opposite.

Are we, therefore, to lose India and all it portends in order to maintain in office a man who has deliberately betrayed the Conservative Party? Are we to sacrifice the greatest jewel in our Empire to placate Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who has throughout his career left no stone unturned to weaken and undermine the strength of Britain, and, though checked again and again, sees here the opportunity to finish his work. And what is this "profound principle" of his? Across the Pamirs red Russia casts longing eyes on India, and Russia is the spiritual home of Mr. MacDonald, who has been under its heel for so many years. and however, much he may wriggle cannot get away from it.

We do not believe that Englishmen and Englishwomen will stand for this base betrayal for a moment when they understand what it means, BUT THEY MUST MAKE UP THEIR MINDS TO ACT SOON.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

Distinction without Differences

By the Saturday Reviewer

"FATHER," said the Hope of the Family, "what is the difference between a Socialist and a Communist?"

"Don't bother your Dad with such questions," the Mother intervened. "Why, everybody knows the difference."

"Yes, of course," added Father absently, as he studied the City page of his paper, "everybody knows. Another cup of tea, my dear."

"Bet you don't know, Mummy," said the daughter in her irreverent way. "Bet you sixpence."

"Don't be so pert, my dear," said Mother, "didn't you hear what your father said, everybody knows."

"Well, what is it, Mummy?" asked the Family Hope.

"Why, of course," said the Lady of the House, "the Communists are dreadful people, and the Socialists are quite respectable nowadays, much more, at least, than when I was a girl—almost harmless."

"Then why are the Socialists killing people in Spain?"

"Out of the Mouths . . ."

"Foreigners, my dear, are different."

"But why are the Socialists here saying that the Socialists in Spain are quite right?"

"I don't believe it," said the Mother.

"Oh, yes, they are," her son replied, "I saw it in the *Daily Herald*. They said the Spanish Socialists were fighting for liberty and progress and the solidarity of the Proletariat."

"How you remember these long words!" said the Matron with admiring irrelevance.

"Give me sixpence," cried the daughter, "you don't know, you don't know!"

"Chit!" said the Mother, bridling behind her tea-cosy; but the Hope of the Family had turned to his Father again.

"Dad," he said, "do listen. Are the Russians Socialists or Communists?"

"Oh, my boy," said Father, looking up. "Even—I mean your Mother could have told you that. Of course, they are Communists."

"Then, father, why do they call themselves the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics?"

"Why, so they do," said Paterfamilias thoughtfully. "It never struck me."

"Poor old Dad!" said the Daughter.

Mother came loyally to the support of the Head of the House. "What does it matter what they call themselves?" she said. "Look at Mrs. Brown over the way, calls herself a lady and answers the door. Everybody knows these Russians are Communists, nasty people!"

"Then why do our Socialists always stand up for them?"

"Oh, I suppose because they both believe in Karl Marx," said the Head of the House.

"Was Karl Marx a Socialist or a Communist, Daddy?" the Hope of the Family asked.

"A Socialist, of course," Father replied.

"What kind of a Socialist was he?"

"Why, he was a Marxian Socialist."

"What is a Marxian Socialist, Daddy?"

"A Marxian Socialist, my boy, is a Socialist who believes in Karl Marx."

"Oh, I see. Are all our Socialists Marxian Socialists, Father?"

"Yes, practically all, nowadays," said the Head of the House, taking out his pipe and his pouch.

"Are you sure Karl Marx was a Socialist, Daddy?"

"Of course I am! What's the boy bothering about?"

"Then why did Karl Marx write the 'Communist Manifesto,' Daddy?"

"Why, so he did," said Father; "it never struck me."

"Poor old Dad," said the Daughter. "It never does."

What is the Difference?

"Why didn't we send the child to a finishing school?" said Mother in despair. "No reverence, and lipsticks! What next!"

The two young people took no heed of their Mother, but pursued the subject relentlessly.

"Do think and tell us, Daddy," the Boy went on, "what the difference is between Socialists and Communists. I do want to know. There's going to be a debate at school. One of our ushers is very keen on it."

"Well, let me see," said Father indulgently. "Communists believe in the Class War and Socialists believe in Constitutional action. That, I suppose, is the real difference."

"Yes, but Daddy, you said Karl Marx was a Socialist, and it was Karl Marx who began about the Class War."

"Why, so he did," said Father. "It never struck me."

"Be your age, Daddy," said his Daughter, relentlessly.

"Well," said Father, "perhaps it is that the Socialists only believe in it and the Communists practise it."

Logical youth was scornful of that distinction. "Then Socialists are rotters!" said the girl. "They egg on the Communists to do what they're frightened to do themselves."

"Surely, Daddy," said the boy, "Karl Marx must have been both a Communist and a Socialist; so if the Socialists believe in Karl Marx they are also Communists, and if the Communists believe in Karl Marx, they are also Socialists."

"It looks like it," said Father.

"So there really is no difference," said the girl, "except that the Communists have more guts than the Socialists."

"Dorothy," said Mother severely, "how often have I told you not to use that disgusting word?"

"Father," said the boy, "the Prime Minister is a Socialist, isn't he? So he must be a Communist, too."

"How can you say such things?" said the Mother; but Father, with a masculine respect for logic, did not venture to contradict his Young Hopeful.

"I suppose that explains," the boy went on, "why Mr. MacDonald signed that letter to the Russian Communists, which is on the back of the *Saturday Review*. Is he still a Socialist?"

"He says he is," said the Father, "but, of course"

"Then he must still be a Communist."

"It looks like it," said Father, still under the baneful sway of his son's reasoning.

"But he is in the same Government as the Conservatives and the Liberals."

"Oh, cut out the Liberals," said the girl. "They're extinct."

"Then, Father, what's the difference between Liberals and Conservatives and Socialists and Communists?"

"Get my hat," cried Father. "I'm off to the City."

TRAVELOGUE

By Hamadryad

Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden,
But nobody quite knows why;
Some say "Salmon"
But others say "Gammon!"
He'd not know a spoon from a fly."

Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden,
And what is the reason, pray?
Is the urge scenic,
Or just eugenic,
That takes him so far away?

Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden,
But why he should want to roam
Just at this season
I see no reason,
Unless he's *de trop* at home.

Anthony Eden,
He went to Sweden,
But where is the chap to-day?
Has he crossed into Finland
Or wandered off inland,
Or over to Norrway?

Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden,
For the reason that he was sent,
I'll have a dime on,
By Slinky Simon
To peddle Disarmament.

Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden
To further our peaceful aims,
While the Japs talk Navies
To Mr. Davis
In London-atte-Thames.

Folk in Sweden,
Thinks Anthony Eden,
In war take no delight.
They make more profit
By keeping off it,
And letting the others fight.

So Anthony Eden
Has gone to Sweden,
In hopes, no doubt, to find
Some true believers
Who think Geneva's
The thing that will save mankind.

And over in Sweden
They'll humour Eden,
And tell him "We Swedes don't fight."
They've all got posesses
Of Iron Crosses,
But those will be kept from sight.

And finding Sweden
A Garden of Eden
(They'll lead him up it fine!)
Back from Stockholm
Our Tony will flock home.
I wish that his job were mine.

Eve in Paris

TURNED in a moment from a place of joyous anticipation into a city of mourning, Paris remains appalled at the assassination of her Royal guest, and of her Minister for Foreign Affairs.

As King of the most important Country in the "Petite Entente," Alexander was a valued friend of France. Marshal Franchet, speaking gratefully of the services rendered the Allies in the Great War, said, "He was one of the noblest and greatest characters of that time. France will accord him the reception he merits." It was the irony of fate that death awaited him on French soil!

There had been great activity at the Hôtel Crillon (the beautiful mansion erected for Louis le Bien-Aimé), preparing for the Sovereigns who, accompanied by a Suite of 30 persons, were to occupy the entire first floor with its stately salons on the Place de la Concorde and its restful bed-chambers overlooking quiet gardens. All precautions to ensure their safety had been taken. The staff of the Crillon is carefully chosen and accustomed to august visitors. Numerous "agents" were in the hotel and a body of Republican Guards was installed beneath the Royal apartments. The rooms, filled with flowers, looked gay and delightful, and a priceless service of Sèvres china, the offering of the City of Paris, had just been delivered when the terrible news came. Most theatres remained closed in the evening; excited crowds filled the streets discussing the double tragedy, accusing the Police authorities of criminal negligence, and crying "Démission!"

Exactly 25 years ago, M. Aristide Briand received a deputation of the French Union favouring women's suffrage, headed by the President, Madame Schnial. He expressed great sympathy with the movement, and wished it speedy success, but its progress has been slow and arduous, although it will ultimately triumph.

There are many feminist societies and newspapers which do admirable work and a recent association formed by Madame Louise Weiss, open to all Frenchwomen without distinction of religion or politics, will secure many adherents.

One of the first aims of the "Femmes Nouvelles" is to improve the lot of children in France. That this is sorely needed is shown by terrible revelations in the Press, especially the case of those youngsters who, escaping from the penitentiary at Belle Ile, were recaptured and brutally ill-used.

A former Minister, Louis Rollin, has been holding indignation meetings about these scandals and denouncing the Juvenile Delinquency Act which permits boys under 18 who have left their parents to be incarcerated in Houses of Correction, where they are treated like convicts. And the French convict's lot is not enviable.

Some of the children in these "Bagnes d'Enfants" had been placed there, M. Rollin

declared, by guardians wishing to be rid of them. He cited the case of a rich man who had thus disposed of a step-son, aged 12.

Statistics reveal the existence in France of 40,000 defective children needing special treatment. Special Institutions can only admit 2,000, other unfortunates going to Houses of Correction. A former teacher at the Théophile Roussel School, M. Zazzo, gives in "VU" an appalling account of conditions there—hard labour, bread and water diet, and beating being the educational methods. M. Rollin and many Deputies are demanding official enquiries as public opinion is aroused. As a rule, the French love children and treat them very kindly.

The age of French politicians has long been a joke, or a grievance to their countrymen and countrywomen. Feminists complain of the Senate which is obstinately opposed to female suffrage and call it a Museum of Antiques. A lady, asked M. Marquet the other day, "Why are there so many politicians in the late seventies?" He replied coldly, "Because some of the men in the late eighties have retired."

In the recent Cantonal Elections, Châlon sur Saône has returned M. Mauchamp, a grand old man aged 95, by an immense majority. He is the *doyen* of the Conseillers, but M. Henri Clolage is not much younger.

The *doyen* of the Senate is M. Damecour, Senator for La Manche, who is 88, and retains amazing vitality. The *doyen* de la Chambre, M. Groussau, Député du Nord, is his junior by five years.

A bright spot in the general depression this week was the wedding of Mademoiselle Ghislaine de Viel-Castel to Comte Napoléon Lepic, the ceremony taking place at St. Pierre de Chaillot. The bride looked charming as she came down the aisle with her father, the Comte de Viel-Castel. She was gowned in white satin and wore a wonderful veil of Point d'Angleterre. She carried no flowers, only a silver rosary. Twelve pretty children were her attendants, the little girls being also dressed in white satin with bewitching white bonnets. The church was too small to contain the friends and relations of these two well-known families, so they met later at a crowded reception in the Viel-Castel's Hôtel, Rue Dumont d'Urville, and admired the wedding gifts, which included splendid jewellery, silver, antique fans, a gold-fitted dressing case, and Indian shawls, the latter recalling Victorian days.

Among the guests were S. A. la Princesse Murat, the Belgian Ambassador, and Baronne de Gaiffier d'Hestroy; the Ducs and Duchesses de Gramont, de Brissac de La Rochefoucault, de Mouchy, de Caraman; the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Princesse de Faucigny Lucinge, and many others bearing great names of France.

The Boy King Peter

A Reminiscence

By Robert Machray

A BOY, eleven years of age, now sits on the throne of Yugo-Slavia with his life all before him. Poor little man, the dastardly assassination of his father, King Alexander, has called him very prematurely to his stormy heritage in the Balkans. But he will be well guarded and watched over by his own people, the Serbs, not one of whom but would gladly die to save him from danger. Even the dissident Croats can hardly find it in their hearts to injure so charming and engaging a child, for such he is.

That is how I think of him because that is how I found him. Four years ago or so, after making a tour in August of the south of Yugo-Slavia and returning to Belgrade, I was told that King Alexander was away at his summer residence at Bled, in Slovenia, the most northerly part of the country, and that, if I went up there, he would honour me with an audience. Of course, I went. The King was by far the most interesting and important figure not only in Yugo-Slavia, but in all the Balkans.

Besides, I had been in Bled before and was glad to go again. The name covers a small town, a spa, with healing waters, and one of the loveliest lakes in the world lying under the shadow of Mount Triglav, upwards of 8,000 feet in height and the giant of the Julian Alps. The lake is a thing of beauty, but it is tiny: you can be rowed all round it in a couple of hours in a queer sort of boat, native to the place, impelled by oars that remind you of the gondoliers of Venice, or you can get an ordinary skiff and do it yourself in less time.

The King's Villa

In the distance are the masses of the Julians, snow-crested. One side of the lake are the remains of an ancient castle standing on a bold headland that no doubt once dominated the region. In the lake, towards the mountains, is an islet, with trees coming down to the shores and half-hiding a church, from whose high tower the bells ring out across the water. That small island with its enchanting setting is in itself a perfect picture. The King's villa—nobody would dream of calling it a palace—on the mainland is a few hundred yards from that church.

There was little formality about my audience, nor was there any difficulty or delay in reaching the King, who received me in a room on the first floor of the villa—a room of some size and appointed in a very business-like manner, a big flat desk-table, loaded with papers and documents, being the most prominent object. The King, who evidently had been working at that table, put down what looked like a long report, rose and shook hands. One noted at once the bright eyes shining through the thick glasses of his pince-nez

—he was very short-sighted—and the strong nose over the firm, if a trifle heavy, mouth. He was, as nearly always, in uniform.

"Please, sit down," he said, with a friendly smile. "Now, tell me," he went on, "what are your impressions of my country." He had an air of complete bonhomie. I might have been a brother prince instead of a mere journalist—who naturally takes people as he finds them.

After my audience I descended to the chamber near the main door of the villa where Colonel (now General) Dimitrievitch, the Marshal of the Court, offered me some refreshments. As we were talking I noticed a small boy in a corner who was doing something or other to his bicycle. He glanced at me rather shyly, but there was an invitation, too, in his heavily-lashed, brilliant dark eyes. I hadn't the least idea who he was, and I walked over to him.

The Boy with a Bicycle

"That your bicycle?" I asked. "Anything wrong with it?"

"Oh!" cried the boy, with evident pleasure, "You speak English! I speak it a little myself."

"You speak it perfectly—just like an English boy," I said, truthfully enough.

"You think I do? Splendid. Mama and my little brother speak it, though Papa doesn't."

By this time I had guessed who the boy was. It was scarcely necessary for Colonel Dimitrievitch, who had come up to us, to tell me: "It is His Royal Highness the Crown Prince Peter."

"Yes, I'm Peter," said the boy, and he held out his hand, all his shyness gone. He was just a frank, eager, happy child. We spoke of bicycles and other things—he was remarkably intelligent for his years. Just as I was about to take my leave I mentioned that three or four weeks before I had been at Bran, the beautiful old castle which the city of Brassov in Transylvania had presented to Queen Marie of Rumania in recognition of the fine work she did in the Great War.

"Bran!" cried the boy. "Was Grandmama there? And did you see her?"

"I had the honour of lunching with Her Majesty there."

"You know her!" The boy came forward, his face alight. "Then you ought to know us too—Tomislav, my little brother, and Andria, the baby. They're out in the garden with Mama and the nurses." He pulled at my coat. I looked at Colonel Dimitrievitch but he shook his head. I excused myself and said good-bye to a plainly disappointed Peter.

Like their mother, Queen Marie of Yugo-Slavia, and their grandmother, Queen Marie of Rumania, the children, who had English governesses, spoke English in the family circle.

BRITISH LEGION

How Your Money is Spent

Amazing Revelations

[By A Special Correspondent]

WHILE awaiting the reply from Haig House to previous charges it will be instructive to consider what happens to the vast sums collected by the Legion.

For the year ended September 1933, the last for which detailed accounts are available, the revenue of the Appeals Department was £494,406, for the following year it was over half a million. The largest single item of expenditure is £236,042 on Relief Grants—in other words, money frittered away in unproductive doles which leaves the recipient little better off. It is obvious that some casual relief of this kind is essential, but it is suggested that the amount so expended is out of proportion to the results achieved and that in spite of the difficulties, efforts should be made to apply more of this money on schemes to create work. As compared to this large sum the grant for employment schemes or job finding was only £16,684. The discrepancy is obvious.

Next comes the huge total of £97,536 for Administration expenses of the three main Departments, Appeals, Relief and General, though, as will be shown later, there are other administrative expenses over and above this. Of this sum which, with the exception of £20,638 from Members subscriptions and donations, is money collected for the relief of distress, £54,379 is absorbed by the Legion general account, that is, as distinct from the expense of raising and distributing Poppy Day money.

Two Sets of Offices

The Officers Association gets £35,000. This body though "absorbed" by the Legion yet retains its own expensive staff and maintains two sets of offices in London alone. Its total administrative expenses are no less than £15,768, provided mainly of course out of Poppy Day funds, for it receives from subscriptions only £2,717—less £313 cost of collection! A Major-General and a Lieutenant-Colonel fill the posts of Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively; salaries unstated. In London it handles officers' relief and runs Pension and Employment Bureaux. Of the latter, the less said the better, according to unfortunate officers who have sought jobs there.

But what subscribers to Legion funds will quite properly ask is why, seeing that the Officers' Association is part and parcel of the Legion, it is necessary to retain separate and expensive staffs and offices? The Legion has all the machinery for dealing with unemployment, pension problems and relief. What possible justification is there for this duplication? One cannot help thinking that its sole *raison d'être* is to provide well-paid posts for office-holders.

If it functioned efficiently as a work-finder one would not complain that this branch of its work is retained, but it is in fact so inefficient that a short time ago a few disillusioned officers formed a new organisation, the Empire Officers Guild, with the primary object of creating work. Lady Haig was so convinced of its necessity that she became its first President. This Guild, which, in spite of the handicap of extremely limited funds (for it gets no money from the Legion) has been remarkably successful in providing officers with employment, and is in marked contrast to the Legion in that it carries on with no high-salaried officials. Its books are open to the inspection of all inquirers. I commend it to the generosity of those who, in view of these disclosures, will hesitate to subscribe to Legion funds. Earl Beatty is one of its Vice-Presidents, and it is doing wonderful work—and could do so much more had it larger funds.

Exceptions

I pointed out above the lack of constructive expenditure by the Legion. Preston Hall is a creditable exception. The Poppy factory is another, though the credit for this is almost solely due to Major Howson, whose unflagging enthusiasm and ability has built it up in face of many difficulties. It is now a source of revenue. Last year it made a profit of £69,454 for Legion funds.

There are, however, many bodies outside the Legion whose work is invaluable in creating employment and occupation for ex-service men. One may mention the King's Roll Clerks, the Spero Leather Workers, Painted Fabrics, Ashted Potteries, Lord Roberts Workshops, etc. To all these and others, we find that the Legion contributes the princely sum of £5,815, while at the same time it provided £6,012 for Burnham Hall—a domestic service training college for women! There is also the Ex-Service Welfare Society, which does wonderful work for neurasthenic and mental cases and to which Lady Houston generously gave £10,000. The Legion presented £5—specially earmarked.

If the Legion has not the inclination or capacity to initiate schemes of this kind, it should surely provide more generously for these bodies who, believing in work rather than doles, strive so hard and under such handicaps to keep their various undertakings above water.

The comparatively small organisations have shown the practicability of constructive effort. With such vast sums available, it is surely obvious that the Legion could, had it the right type of leaders and officials, have originated much larger schemes on similar lines.

Poincaré . . . Patriot

By H. Warner Allen

FRANCE has lost a great man in Raymond Poincaré. He was a fighter, dour and stubborn, as a Lorrainer should be. Charm was not one of his attributes, but his brain was as keen as a razor, and neither sentiment nor interest could sway his reason. His chief weakness was a legal mind inclined to set too much store by forms and conventions and to pay excessive homage to words and exact definitions. If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, he was a genius, but fate had not bestowed on him the eagle wings of intuition and that personal magnetism which is far more than a compensation for years of night-consuming study. One gift, however, he had that transfigured his cleverness and preciseness, a soaring patriotism that blazed like a comet.

He was indeed of a kindly nature, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude. For he was my guide and mentor in French politics, when I first went to Paris as a young and inexperienced correspondent. Poincaré belonged to the most notable family of what was sometimes called the Republican aristocracy. His brother-in-law, the philosopher, Emile Boutroux, and his cousin, the mathematician, Henri Poincaré counted among the most eminent personalities in France. At first I was surprised to find that the door of a house so unquestionably Republican would open to a Bonapartist introduction, but it was not long before I discovered that a letter from Augustin Filon, the tutor of the Prince Imperial, whose nobility of character levelled all political distinctions, was "Open Sesame" nearly everywhere.

Fame and Fortune

I met Raymond Poincaré first at the Boutroux's, at the Fondation Thiers, and he invited me to consult him whenever I needed guidance. At that time his political career had been interrupted. After being Minister of Finance in 1906, he had turned most of his attention to the Bar and was said to be earning nearly £20,000 a year, a record for France. Certainly the biggest commercial cases came his way, and he won a number of cases for the all-important Société des Auteurs. His political enemies spoke of him as a young man—he was then 48—with a brilliant future behind him.

It is amusing to remember that when I sent my paper an interview with him, the home authorities raised the question whether he was sufficiently important to be given such prominence. I replied that he was certain to be Premier one day and probably President of the Republic, so that perhaps it might be worth while to publish his point of view.

He was not an easy man to see. He lived in a flat in the Champs Elysées and his sitting-room, which boasted the only balcony in the neighbourhood, was always packed with visitors concerned

with politics or law. With unfailing good temper and method, he dealt with them all.

I can see now the smile which played upon his Socratic features—for, with his beard and squat nose, he had a likeness to the Greek philosopher—as he told me to sit down and state my requirements. It was the moment when Briand had startled "the stagnant pools" of politics by preaching the gospel of "*apaisement*" and suggesting that the deadly enmities arising out of the Dreyfus affair might be merged in a common love of country. With characteristic caution, Poincaré supported the policy in a speech which contained the words, "*Toujours penser à la France, voilà le premier et le dernier mot de la politique.*"

I told him how much that definition of policy appealed to an Englishman who only prayed that his rulers would always think of England and by chance I used the word "moderate" in speaking of it.

No Half Measures

The word "moderate" made him pounce on me at once with an amiable smile, which showed that he had more sense of humour than he was usually credited with. "You must not call my policy 'moderate'; if you do, you will kill it at once. There is no room for moderate policies and half-measures in politics. Results come only from the clash between extremes, and the poor moderates are trampled upon by both sides."

As a matter of fact, Poincaré was only an extremist in his love for his country, and it is a strange world when Englishmen talk condescendingly about a statesman's patriotism as though it needed an excuse. There have been few political *vendette* more deadly than the hatred between Clemenceau and himself. He sacrificed his feelings when for his country's sake he accepted the Tiger as Premier, and he had to pay for his generosity by accepting in silence some cruel shafts from his Prime Minister. In silence, no doubt, he had his own back, for he was as expert a duellist as Clemenceau with the advantage of being able to hold his tongue. When he did speak, his voice, rasping but with the carrying power of the microphone and a perfect enunciation of every syllable, could prevail above any tumult.

It was my confidence in Poincaré's strength of character and the fundamental wisdom of the French that encouraged me to bet with General Gouraud, who happened to be in England at the moment when the franc was at its lowest, that the rate would never fall to 250 to the pound sterling. Once before I had been right, when I had bet that the German advance of 1918 would be finished for ever when it came up against the front of Gouraud's Army in Champagne. The General did not take my bet. "I only hope," he said, "that you are right again, this time."

And I was right, thanks to Poincaré.

Muddle of the Tanganyika Mandate

By One Who Has Lived There Seventeen Years

IN political parlance, the word "mandate" has been sadly over-worked in recent years. How many Englishmen, either in the Homeland or overseas, have any clear idea, for instance, of what a mandate implies as regards the various ex-German colonies lost in the last War?

Take Tanganyika. Here is a territory, once known as German East Africa and the brightest jewel in the crown of the former *Reich*. Assurances *ad nauseam* have been forthcoming from Colonial Secretaries that—although this country is administered under a mandate from the Associated and Allied Powers—King George V is the sovereign thereof, as witness the effigy and inscription on its stamps and coins.

What are the facts?

In Tanganyika the mandate, in the sense so scrupulously observed by Great Britain towards the natives of the country, connotes "a trusteeship for the backward races of mankind." But this is no new idea in our Colonial policy. With all its shortcomings, Britain's administration of her colonies in the East, in the West Indies, and in Africa, has undoubtedly succeeded in living up to this generous ideal of fairplay for the under-dog for many years past. Such countries as Ceylon, East Africa and Jamaica have developed from protectorates into Crown colonies, and finally have been given such measure of self-government as their inhabitants have shown themselves fit to exercise.

The Only Remedy

Rightly or wrongly, General Jan Smuts of South Africa, is credited with having drafted the peace terms applied to former German possessions in the Dark Continent. That ultimate absorption of these territories by Britain was envisaged is clear from a clause in all these mandates which stipulates that nothing shall preclude the mandatory Government from effecting a "fiscal and administrative union or federation with neighbouring colonies."

In this connection, the recent history of South-West Africa is illuminating. There the Union of South Africa, which holds the precious mandate, now finds that absorption of the adjacent country by the central government is inevitable. The inhabitants, anyhow, make no bones about it. "The mandate for our country," they say, "has proved unworkable. The attempt to give German nationals within our borders full rights of citizenship under an oath of naturalisation and allegiance to the Crown, has collapsed. The only remedy is absorption as a fifth province of the Union of South Africa."

In their approach to this mandate business, the Powers concerned have been much more realistic

than Great Britain herself. It should be remembered that, by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-laye, Germany relinquished in favour of the Associated and Allied Powers all her rights to overseas possessions. Such territories in the Pacific, in East, South and West Africa, were accordingly ceded to, and divided among the victors in the war—Britain, France, Belgium and Japan. All, with the exception of ourselves, took a short cut and have long since absorbed these possessions as an integral part of their body politic.

Meticulous Britain

On the other hand, British politicians had so often asserted that their country did not enter the war for fresh accessions of territory that, for the last 15 years, we have felt obliged to observe scrupulously and meticulously the legal fiction of a "mandate" in regard to such territorial aggrandisement as came our way. Not one of the Powers cited as originally accepting colonial mandates, be it noted, had, or has the remotest intention of ever surrendering either to Germany or to the natives of the countries concerned the rights they thus acquired.

To complicate matters, mandates of three categories were invented. The first of these applied to countries like Iraq and Syria; the second covered the destinies of what is now known as Tanganyika; the third (the C mandates) regulated the governance of South-West Africa and the Pacific Islands.

Iraq seemed a hard nut, but the mandate kernel cracked when, after ten years tutelage, the inhabitants of that region were deemed fit to stand on their own feet under a puppet king acceptable to Great Britain and with safeguards for the Persian oil pipe-line and the intervention of the Royal Air Force!

Japan and Australia, who assumed the mandates for the Pacific sphere, lost no time in turning these possessions into an indivisible part of the empires they represent. France contented herself with Togoland and a part of the Cameroons. These rounded off neatly, logically, and strategically her great Central African Empire. In all but name these countries have been annexed. Belgium was fortunate enough to obtain the territories of Ruanda and Urundi, once part of *Deutsch Ost-Afrika*, rich in minerals and extraordinarily fertile from an agricultural and stock-raising point of view. Quietly and cynically, through a full Customs and Administrative Union, these regions have become part and parcel of the Belgian Congo.

Tanganyika alone remains a bone of academic contention. Not only has Great Britain shown herself strictly careful for the "material and

moral welfare of the inhabitants" which is implicit in the mandate system, but year after year has sent to the Permanent Mandates Commission—not merely a written report of her stewardship, but the Governor himself or the senior representative of the local administration—to answer searching and often impertinent questions at Geneva.

What is the result after fifteen years of this fiddle faddle? Stagnation, economic and political. Native development is unsatisfactory. British settlement is at a standstill, British capital chary of investment in a land which is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. Fortunately, recent discoveries of gold have attracted mining magnates to Tanganyika and a certain activity in prospecting and proving reefs has now set in. An attempt in 1929 to complete that closer fiscal and political union with Kenya and Uganda which the mandate permits was side-tracked by a series of red herrings such as "paramountcy of the native" dragged across the trail by Socialist M.P.'s and

by local civil servants who foresaw that, under federation, a drastic cutting down of their own highly-paid posts was inevitable.

Matters have now reached a climax. Faced with the lessons of the Slump, and enmeshed as regards dumping in the net of the obsolescent Congo Basin Treaties, there is in Tanganyika itself and in England a growing body of opinion which does not hesitate to declare that, under this impracticable and ambiguous form of government, the country has no economic or political future of any certainty, and asks that the mandate be drastically revised. Tanganyika made a British colony and absorbed into a Federation of East African States. In Southern Rhodesia also, support for such a federation is growing.

At the gathering of Dominion Premiers and Colonial representatives who attend the Jubilee of King George next year in London, surely it is fitting that the whole mandate system be re-considered, and the future status of Tanganyika revised in the light of experience.

Port Said

The Melting Pot

By Rufus Clerk

EVEN if it cannot make money, Port Said can at least change it. The currencies of the world would seem to be made use of there. One concern, indeed, sells its commodities in as many as thirty of them! English pounds often want to turn into Egyptian piastres, or Italian lire into Greek drachmae, or Indian rupees into French francs. The modest commission usually charged is little enough reward for the risk that is sometimes run.

The collection plate of the local English church reflects the world wanderings of those who sometimes worship there. It has received coins from Finland, Ethiopia, Palestine, India, Ceylon, Australia, the U.S.A., and Holland—to mention only a few. Of course, with a money-changer round the corner, the thing is easy—if only there are enough coins of any one country to make it worth his while to deal with them.

As with national monies, so with national foods in this international place. It would seem that Port Said could supply almost any national delicacy—provided the national himself did not object to it being in a tin! The German sauerkraut might cause some slight indigestion, perhaps, as it is packed in Alsace Lorraine. The Turkish Delight is made in Egypt, and the Boston baked beans are put up in Canada! But the Dutch cheeses and the English plum puddings are authentic. Irish butter competes with Australian; but Italian macaroni appears to have the field—a large one—to itself. And all the pastries seem to be French ones.

Port Said scores in having among its shops a branch of the well-known Paris firm of Printemps. Its women folk never need be behind the times in

regard of the fashions. Indeed, it is an actual experience to arrive in London on leave and find that "the latest Paris fashions" which are just arriving there have already made their features familiar in the streets and drawing rooms of Port Said several months before! This was noticeably the case when longer frocks came in, and, later, when hats took to having eccentric brims.

The "Oxford bags," which enjoyed a short and furious vogue at home, are a permanent feature on the legs of the Continental youths who promenade the length of the boulevard on Sunday evenings. At that time they are hatless. But during the daytime almost every kind of head-gear is to be seen in the streets.

The Englishman wears a Homburg or a solar topee. The Greek affects a straw boater. The Gandhi cap comes ashore off a P. & O. liner and passes the terai hat of an Assam tea planter. The Fascist forage cap parades at times behind an excellent band, and the beret goes by on a bicycle. The Scouts have their distinctive hat, and the Sea Scouts are seen in the round naval cap. A gallant Frenchman attends an official reception in a morning coat and bowler hat, where the stolid Englishman is surmounted by a glossy silk one.

A "tarboosh" crowns the head of the Egyptian "effendi," while his Bedouin compatriot from the desert wears a graceful white head-shawl kept in place by two rings of black camel hair. The astrakhan busby of official Palestine enquires the way from the white cotton skull cap of the fellaheen, while the carpenter's son looks on in a pork pie affair of mixed and vivid hues.

The Nelson of the Army

By Clive Rattigan

THERE is much in the story of James Wolfe that irresistibly reminds one of Nelson.

Both men took their profession seriously. Both were inspired by the highest ideals of patriotism. Both gloried in battle and had a contempt for personal danger. Both were quick in seizing opportunities in battle, equally rapid in forming plans and equally vigorous in executing them. Both with all their audacity in action combined a close attention to the details that would make or mar ultimate success.

In both a delicate frame encased an unconquerable spirit.

Both were loved and looked up to as heroes by the men they led. Both died in the hour of their greatest triumph, leaving a whole nation to mourn an irreparable loss.

Wolfe's last order to his men reads like Nelson's famous signal. "Officers and men will remember what their country expects of them."

And as in Nelson's case, so in Wolfe's, the death of the great leader made victory an occasion of heartfelt grief to those who had had a hand in winning it.

"Our joy at this (Quebec) success," wrote an officer unbiassed by any close connection with Wolfe, "is inexpressibly damped by the loss we sustain of one of the greatest heroes which this or any other age can boast of."

The battle on the Plains of Abraham, like Trafalgar, was one of the truly decisive battles in history. Trafalgar finally established Britain's supremacy at sea; the victory that led to the surrender of Quebec gave Canada to England and established the permanent supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race in Northern America.

The one essential difference between the two men lies in the character of their careers. Nelson's triumph at Trafalgar was the culmination of a long series of naval victories. Wolfe's command at Quebec was his first really independent command. He was a new man and an exceedingly young one for the responsibility Pitt had thrust upon his shoulders—merely thirty-two when he died. His star had only risen to set.

His Quick Promotion

He had distinguished himself in every position he had held. He began his fighting in his teens; was an adjutant at sixteen at the Battle of Dettingen, a captain at seventeen in Flanders, a brigademajor at eighteen at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden in Scotland, only 21 when he fought with conspicuous gallantry at Lauffeld, and was in virtual command of a regiment at the age of 22.

His quick promotion in an age when influence counted for much, and when he had no family connections to commend him to high authority, was due solely and wholly to his own merits and the respect they extorted from commanders in the field.

A lieutenant-colonel at 23, with seven campaigns behind him, he was still conscious he had much to

learn. He accordingly prescribed a rigorous course of studies for himself and made every effort to obtain leave so that he might go abroad and acquire further knowledge that might be useful to him in his profession.

"Lazy are we," he wrote in 1755, after he had heard of Braddock's disaster at Fort du Quesne, "in time of peace, with a want of common vigilance and activity in time of war. Our military education is by far the worst in Europe."

Wolfe first came under the eyes of Pitt by his conduct in the ill-managed expedition to Rochefort in 1756. Howe and Wolfe were the only men in this expedition who showed any initiative or enterprise. Howe had paved the way to success by the speedy capture of the fortified island of Aix. Wolfe had reconnoitred the coast and found a perfectly feasible landing spot. But both Howe's and Wolfe's efforts had been in vain. The expedition returned with its purpose unaccomplished—"with reproach and dishonour" in Wolfe's bitter words.

The Capture of Louisbourg

He was chosen as one of the brigadiers under Amherst for Pitt's next stroke against the power of France. This was to be in America, and the "Dunkirk of Canada," the famous fortress of Louisbourg in the Isle of Cape Breton or Isle Royal, was the objective. Here again Wolfe was to the fore in all the fighting and when he returned home after the capture of the fortress he was hailed as "the hero of Louisbourg."

Thus he became the obvious leader for the final coup, the conquest of Quebec.

*Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture
his neck,*

*Come follow the hero that goes to Quebec;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them
hot stuff.*

So sang Sergeant Ned Botwood of the 47th, expressing the confidence of the small army of 9,000 men in their leader's ability to defeat a foe nearly twice as strong and to all appearances impregably entrenched. And the confidence was not misplaced, for Wolfe's genius and audacity at last found the way up the precipitous cliffs that guarded the approach to Quebec on the western bank of the St. Lawrence and the victory was won, though neither Botwood nor Wolfe lived to enjoy it.

Two scenes in the epic drama of Wolfe's last battle must ever remain fixed in the minds of those who have read it. The first, the opening scene, Wolfe reciting Gray's "Elegy" in whispered tones to the officers about him as they drifted quietly to the selected landing place and exclaiming, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." The other, the last scene of all, Wolfe, mortally wounded and dying, murmuring as he hears that the enemy are in full retreat: "God be praised, I now die in peace."

"The paths of glory" for Wolfe had led beyond the grave—to imperishable fame.

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE



who died in the moment of victory and won Canada for the Empire

The England-Australia Air Race

By Oliver Stewart

I WRITE these words on Mildenhall Aerodrome while the aeroplanes which are to take part in the England-Australia race are arriving. It would be futile to attempt any serious forecast of what will happen in this race, but something may be said of the machines and of the preliminary arrangements.

The first thing to be noted is that out of twenty-one American entries only three were ready at the time the machines were presented to the Aero Club officials prior to the start. One other American entry was supposed to be going to fly the Atlantic, but at the time of writing nothing more has been heard of the project. Nor have the two Italian entries arrived or sent any indication of their intentions. One of the French entries has applied, and been granted, an extension so that it may get ready to face the starter.

As for the British entries most of these have appeared. The Dutch entries have also appeared and so have most of the entries from the Dominions. But it seems very doubtful if one third of the total number of original entries will start to-day, Saturday, for Melbourne. This diminution in the number of machines in the race can be attributable to only one thing; that competitors, as time went on, began to realise that they had agreed to take part in a much more difficult and dangerous event than they had originally thought.

More Difficult Than They Thought

Many competitors undoubtedly entered somewhat light-heartedly in spite of the entry fees of £50 for the speed race and £10 for the handicap race. When they began to go into the question of covering that 11,300 miles to Melbourne, Australia, they began to see that the problem of flying the distance quickly was one of very great difficulty. They began to see that machines capable of averaging very high speeds in America might not be able to average such high speeds over Europe and the East.

So one by one they fell out of the contest. And it is exceedingly important now at the starting time, to remember that competitors who entered for the race but failed to appear in time have been beaten as fairly as those who fly too slowly. Those manufacturers and pilots who have been making big claims for their aeroplanes in the matter of speed and have been inclined to scoff at the speeds of British machines were given an excellent opportunity in this race to prove their words before the entire world. If they fail to prove them—and the American entries which are actually ready are certainly formidable competitors to the British and other flyers—they must cease from claiming anything in the way of speed superiority for their aircraft.

Another point which these days before the start have emphasised, is the importance in a race of this magnitude of ensuring that the organisation is in the hands of competent officials. Undoubt-

edly those who—in some case voluntarily—have organised the start of the England-Australia race have worked hard; but there have been features of the organisation which were open to criticism.

In the first place—and it is a point whose validity will be tested in the next few days—the compulsory control aerodrome system of running the speed race, though designed to increase safety, has actually decreased it. The machines in the speed race are required by the rules to land at five aerodromes on the way. The start is timed for 6.30 a.m. to-day. If the start takes place according to plan and if the machines in the speed race average the speed that is expected from them, they will have to make four landings in the dark at strange aerodromes.

These racing machines are not easy to land at any time compared with a standard machine. At night the difficulties are greatly increased. But when a pilot who has just flown 2,500 miles non-stop, probably a part of it through bad weather, is required to make a night landing and a night take-off in one of these machines an appreciable risk is incurred. There was no valid reason for forcing the machines to land at the control aerodromes and, had the pilots been given freedom of action, they would have been able so to adjust their stages that they would have been able to make all, or all but one, of their landings in daylight.

This is an example of the danger of making rules without full knowledge. The tendency to make rules is always strong and the Australian organising committee must have felt that unless they made plenty of rules they were not doing their duty to ensure the safety of the pilots. But, as has been demonstrated on the roads, a vast number of rules does not necessarily produce safety. In fact, the greater the number of rules the greater the likelihood of risks.

These criticisms, however, cannot be developed until after the race. It is essential to mention them now, so that if it becomes necessary later to take them up again it will not be said that they constitute a form of wisdom after the event. It is clear before the start that the rules allow many loopholes and that, in some instances, they increase the risks where they are supposed to diminish them. But even so the race is bound to be remembered in history and it is bound to produce some further fine feats of air pilotage and personal courage and endurance. So from now until they cross the line at the Flemington racecourse, Melbourne, all eyes will be on the Australia flyers.

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The Ship's Concert Party

By Cam

ONE of the dreariest jobs that ships of His Majesty's Navy were called on to perform during the Great War, was that of patrolling the 85,000 miles of trade route, so that this country should not be starved into submission. For months on end men serving in these ships saw no-one but their own company, and the only break in the day's monotony was an attack by either enemy submarines or raiders. Most of the patrolling was done around the shores of neutral countries, and "going ashore" was out of the question. By the rules of International Law, no belligerent ship was allowed to stay more than twenty-four hours in the port of a non-combatant country, and during this short, enforced stay, all hands were needed to provision the ship with what fresh vegetables were available. Then again, not all these countries were as strictly neutral as their Government stated. Intensive enemy propaganda in some parts had grossly misinformed the inhabitants of the state of affairs, and the result was that in some ports it was necessary for officers going ashore to pay official calls to seek military protection.

Occasionally the ship would anchor off an uninhabited island and the crew allowed a run ashore. If possible, sports and games were arranged to give the men a chance of working off superfluous energy, but opportunities were few and far between, and it was a poor substitute for a stroll ashore in a civilised port, with a few glasses of beer interspersed. On board, every effort was made to relieve the deadly monotony of conditions, and one of the most successful stunts was the organisation of a ship's concert party.

Sailors can Sing

A surprising feature was the amount of hidden talent which was unearthed in the search for "turns." Most sailormen can sing a song of sorts, but a concert composed entirely of vocal turns soon became tedious and a call was made for variety. I persuaded a corporal of marines to try his hand at conjuring, and in a very short time he developed into quite an expert. With the help of the ship's carpenter, and "Johnson" the monkey, he produced a clever disappearing trick. The monkey was placed in a box in full view of the audience, and after some cabalistic words and passes with the magic wand, the box was opened by a member of the audience and Hey! Presto! Johnson had mysteriously vanished. In a moment of magic exaltation, the conjurer attempted to subject the ship's parrot to a similar indignity, but when placed in the darkened box the bird kept up such a stream of profanity that the carpenter concealed under the table was afraid to pull him through the secret trap in the bottom of the box, and the trick proved a slip.

One of the successes of the show was the ship's funny man. He wrote topical verses about current events, and spared no one in his sallies. A sailor-

man loves to grumble, and the cook always came in for more than his fair share of banter—all in the best of good nature. I remember that at a cricket match on deck between men and officers the crack bowler of the lower deck dismissed the paymaster for a "duck." At the next concert the funny man worked it into his song in the following couplet:—

Now Nobby Clarke our bowler,
Bowled old Gold-dust for a duck,
Next time he wants to draw a "sub"
North East 'll be his luck.

North East is slang for N.E. which is put against a man's name if he has no money to come, and means "not entitled."

Ladies' Night

On rare occasions, when we visited a port and were able to stop for a night, we would invite the British residents to come aboard, and arrange to give them a show. The ladies always availed themselves of the invitation, and right glad we were to see them. The first time this occurred, I "lined up" the concert party and explained to them that we were to be honoured by the presence of ladies and asked them to do their very best to put up a good show.

As may be imagined, I had to tell the funny man that he would have to cut out all the patter which appealed only to a masculine audience. This he promised to do, though he assured me that his turn would materially suffer thereby. The consul and other British residents with their ladies, duly arrived on board and were soon seated with the Captain and officers in the front rows of the stalls. The concert started, and the first two turns, a song from a steward with quite a good voice, and a step dance by a lad from Lancashire, were very well rendered and received with great applause.

Then came the funny man. On his appearance, he was wildly greeted with whistles and cheers from his shipmates. I was standing behind the curtain, and had given him a last injunction to proceed with caution, and cut out the "rough stuff." The verse with which he opened his song was quite innocuous. He then started his patter and to my horror I realised that he had learned the words in parrot fashion, and was quite incapable of omitting certain passages. I peered through the curtain to see if the old man was noticing anything. No! he was laughing loudly and so were the ladies. Bluer and bluer grew the patter, and louder and louder rang the laughter.

What sports those ladies were. They saw exactly what was happening; they saw that the artist was oblivious of their presence, and was wholeheartedly doing his best to cheer his shipmates. At the end of the turn they joined in the applause with what little strength they had left, for the song as rendered was a huge success. After the show, the visitors were entertained in the ward

room with coffee and sandwiches. Very shamefacedly I approached the group around the Captain and politely expressed the wish that they had enjoyed the concert. With one voice the ladies said it was the finest show they had seen. "Never had they laughed so much, how the men enjoyed the choruses," and so on. You can imagine my relief, and I am always grateful to those ladies for their understanding of men living under the condition our crew did.

As the public know through the medium of the B.B.C., the sailorman is fond of a song with a chorus, consequently, the old sea shanties were included in the show, and the whole of the ship's company would join in the chorus. Now one very fine song is "Spanish Ladies." It has a rousing chorus, but the words, as sung by our men on patrol, were quite unsuitable. I took the liberty of writing a version with words which would be applicable to our conditions and here they are:—

"ON PATROL."

Tune: "Spanish Ladies"

When we sailed away from the shores of our homeland
And bade fond farewell to all those we love dear
We were sent to patrol on the shores of a lone land
The trade routes of Britain from foes to keep clear.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old
England

But from here to old England's a good many leagues.

The job we are on is a lonely and dreary one.

It's hardships are great and it's pleasures are few
But this fight's to a finish, this war must be clearly won
And England expects each his duty to do.

Chorus—We'll rant etc., etc.

Though people at home seldom hear of our labours

Our work with the best in this struggle will stand
We hold wide the trade routes to all friendly neighbours
For we are the fingers of Britain's right hand.

Chorus—We'll rant etc., etc.

The trade of our foes we have now fairly throttled

They daren't leave a port lest our cruisers they meet
Like their navy at home in their harbours they're bottled
And are known by the name of "the barnacle fleet."

Chorus—We'll rant etc., etc.

Then let every man think with pride of his nation

And make this proud boast of the land of his birth
That her sons are secure on no matter what station
For her far-reaching arms still encircle the earth.

Chorus—We'll rant etc., etc.

The Youngster's First Gun

By Fishhawk

"DO come down to the shore, and see if we can get a shot." So spake the Youngster to his elder brother.

"All right, young 'un; the tide has only just turned, and there is plenty of time," answered the somnolent figure in the deck chair.

But the Youngster was all for action, and the importunate widow was as nothing compared to him then. For was this not a red letter day, and had he not but one hour before been given his first real gun! Plenty of time, forsooth!

Eventually a start was made, and the two set off for the foreshore, whence came the cries of curlew, redshank and gulls. The Youngster tried his hardest to assume a nonchalant air, but every inch of him radiated pride in the single-barrel 12-bore that lay so snugly in the crook of his arm.

As they drew near the water, the Elder halted and addressed a few brief but pungent remarks to his brother on keeping quiet, looking where he was going, and on the handling of his gun; after which he loaded and went on.

The beach was reached without incident and, after a careful survey, it was decided to work to the left, towards the head of the Firth. Carefully the two proceeded among the rocks, keeping as much as possible to the line of seaweed left by the falling tide, as, though this was undoubtedly very slippery, it effectually deadened their footfalls.

A half-mile was negotiated without anything shootable appearing when, suddenly, far ahead, a large flock of birds came into view, flushed by some wandering kelp picker. The brothers dropped under cover on the instant, and hope ran

high as the flock swung down the shore towards them. The Youngster's heart pounded like a sledge-hammer as he watched the approaching birds, while visions of a tremendous bag flashed before his eyes.

"Keep down, you ass, d'you want the whole firth to see you?" The harsh whisper effectually dispelled the day-dreams, and it was a chastened Nimrod who dutifully crouched behind his rock.

The flock were rapidly nearing the concealed gunners, but were a trifle out of range. However, the Elder's experienced eye quickly realised the danger, and his perfect imitation of a redshank's call caused the flock to swing towards him.

At last the flock was opposite, and the Elder's two barrels and the Youngster's one roared a greeting. Birds fell in all directions, while the remainder scattered, screaming a warning to all and sundry that death was abroad.

The brothers rose, and, since they had no dog, the Youngster stripped and waded in after the birds, lest the falling tide rob them of their game. The water was shallow, and he soon returned, bringing all he could reach; thirteen Redshank, and two still afloat, too far out to be retrieved.

After hastily drying himself, the advance along the shore was resumed, but fortune, who had been so generous, now became fickle, and no further shot was vouchsafed the hunters.

So, at last, home to tea of hot scones and fresh butter, to which both did ample justice, though the Youngster's style was somewhat cramped, as he just had to stop eating to describe that great shot.

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"Believe It or Not"

THE colloquial phrase which heads this review is put there with the deliberate object of catching and directing the attention of even the least serious to a book, just published, entitled "Germany's Secret Armaments" (Jarrolds, 5s.), as it is a book which no one in Britain or the Empire should fail to read and ponder.

Startling disclosures have already been made in other books and in the papers respecting Germany's preparations for War, but nowhere have such full revelations, in so impressive and yet concentrated a form, of her plans and the strength of her forces been given as in this volume.

Needless to say, it is a very disturbing, indeed an alarming book; it might well have had as its title, "Wake up, England!" On one of its first pages Hitler is quoted as stating on April 20, his birthday, to some of his colleagues:

"In the listless irresolution of England lies our chance. The spineless passivity which has characterised the British Government since 1919 will enable us to pass unscathed through the danger zone which we deliberately entered with the victory of the National Socialist idea. . . In two years at the latest we shall have achieved our aim."

Two years! What is that aim? To put it in another way, against whom is Germany preparing for war? Dr. Helmut Klotz, the author of this book, discusses and answers this question from two converging points of view: first, from a study of the dynamic forces operating within the National Socialist State as displayed in the evolution of the Hitler Party, and, second, from a consideration of an accumulation of facts relating to the organisation and technique of the existing armed forces of Germany, with their easy potential development.

The Captive of his Slogans

Everybody is familiar with Hitler's pacific speeches and gestures. In this book it is suggested that in his heart of hearts he may desire peace, but that he goes on re-arming "because he must."

"Down with the Versailles Treaty" and "Victoriously shall we beat France" were the cries that brought him to power, and he cannot get away from them now. "He has become the captive of his victorious slogans," says Dr. Klotz. Hitler, he tells us, designs a war of aggression either against Poland and the Soviet, or against France and Belgium, the far more probable alternative, as things are.

And this leads up to a description, with plenty of data, of the new German plan of operations—the improved Schlieffen plan of General Epp, by which the Germans will advance through the Dutch province of South Limburg, thus avoiding the Belgian lines of defence in attacking Belgium and France. When this plan was given to the world last autumn by some enemy of the Third Reich, the German Government denied its existence. Dr. Klotz, however, maintains not only that this is false, but that preparations for carrying out the plan have been in train for a long time and are now nearing completion.

Does Hitler, he asks, suppose that England can or will remain neutral if German armies sieze an integral part of Holland and Belgium and once more assail France from the north? His reply should strike us all with terrible force, having regard to our admitted and lamentable weakness in the air: "Germany is calculating on holding England in check through the threat of an aerial campaign of frightful intensity, thus rendering impossible any military intervention by Great Britain on the Continent."

Passing over a longish chapter on the "German Army and its Reserves" and merely noting that Dr. Klotz, on the evidence he adduces, states that Germany's fighting forces immediately available in June amounted to 610,000 men, backed by the "most powerful army reserve of all time," we next come to what he says about "German Air Plans" (pp. 101-137).

This chapter deserves the closest study by every Englishman. He ought to read it if he reads nothing else in the book.

Bombing England from the Air

A memorandum attached to the budget submitted this year by Goering, the Air Minister, to the German Government, asserted it is "quite possible for a squadron of 200 modern aeroplanes, in one single flight from a German base to England, to transport as large a quantity of explosives as was discharged from German airships and aeroplanes during the whole period of the Great War." During that time 750-800 tons of bombs were dropped on England; to-day an aeroplane with a capacity of four tons is an accomplished fact in Germany—multiply by 200, and there you are!

Besides, the memorandum—Dr. Klotz gives February 12 as its date—adds that, in view of increased accuracy of aim, and the fact that explosives nowadays can inflict seven times the damage of the War bombs, the scheme the Germans have in hand will assure the accomplishment of the mission of their Air Force, namely, the "moral or material paralysis of England in the event of a Franco-German campaign."

From an analysis of the facts in his possession the author comes to the conclusion that at the beginning of March last Germany had a total of 174 heavy bombing planes, with a capacity of 420-550 tons, at her disposal as a commencement. Of course, she has many more now. Germany's preparations for gas and germ war are dealt with in a separate chapter, but they should not be lost sight of in considering the dread possibilities that can come out of the sky.

R.M.

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BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

History and Biography:

- "The Cambridge Shorter History of India" (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.).
 "Imperial Incense," by Princess Der Ling (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.).
 "The Life of Lord Carson," Vol. II., by Ian Colvin (Gollancz, 15s.).
 "Prince Louis of Battenberg," by Admiral Mark Kerr (Longmans, 10s. 6d.).

Novels:

- "A Pin to see the Peepshow," by Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).
 "The Dark Island," by V. Sackville-West (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.).
 "Full Flavour," by Doris Leslie (John Lane, 8s. 6d.).
 "Right Ho, Jeeves," by P. G. Wodehouse (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.).

A Japanese Artist

IT is typical of Japanese artistic sense that a biographical study of a great artist's work should be produced in a highly artistic manner.

The 1,000 copies of the limited English edition of Mr. Yone Noguchi's "Hiroshige" (Kegan Paul, 60s.) come to their happy possessors encased in an attractive blue cover, and inside is the book itself, printed on rice paper and copiously illustrated with wood engravings and plates in colour and half-tone, the whole sewn together with white silk: a real joy to handle and contemplate.

Hiroshige was born in 1797 and died in 1858. He represents the culmination of the landscape art of old Japan in prints. The estimated number of his works exceeds 8,000 of which 5,500 were colour prints. His greatest work was a series of scenes on the Tokaido highway. This, says Mr. Noguchi,

rescues the Ukiyoe art from the ruins of corrupted convention where most of the print-artists of the day idled away their time in callous cleverness or trifling vulgarity.

Influence on Whistler

Mr. Noguchi thinks that Whistler was definitely influenced by Hiroshige and cites as an example the picture "Old Battersea Bridge" in the Tate Gallery. He also mentions an interesting conversation with Joseph Pennell, Whistler's biographer, in which the latter sought to explain marked resemblances in the work of the two artists by declaring that there was "a Hiroshige effect" in London views.

Hiroshige was an assumed name after the fashion of Japanese artists. The bearer of it began life as a fire brigade official at the age of thirteen. But even at 10 he had begun to show a precocious talent in drawing and while still in his teens he joined Toyohiro's studio as a pupil. In 1847 he became a Buddhist novice and shaved his head. But before that date he was a man who knew how to enjoy life. He was

careless and free in money matters and no discredit to the Yedo-man's qualification of "not allowing money to stay in the pocket over night." And, as is seen from the extant diary in which the matter of diet is minutely described, he was an epicure, fond of dishes not necessarily rich, but oddly flavoured. It goes without saying that he loved sake-wine, though he was not a drunkard by any means.

He seems to have been a kindly, lovable man, with his portly figure, head "as round as a round dumpling" and ruddy complexion.

Charles II's Secret Treaty

IT has been the fashion for English historians to condemn Charles II for negotiating with Louis XIV of France the Secret Treaty of Dover. Charles II has been variously represented as a traitor to his country, the dupe or slave of the French King or the base deceiver of the Grand Monarque.

Mr. Cyril Hughes Hartmann has now made a thorough study of the whole subject in the light both of the correspondence between Charles II and his favourite sister the Duchess of Orleans (known as "Madame") and of the recent discovery, in the archives of the Clifford Family at Ugbrooke Park, of the actual secret documents which passed between the Courts of England and France during the early stages of the negotiations. He arrives in his "Charles II and Madame" (Heinemann, illustrated, 18s. 6d.) at what one cannot help feeling is the right judgment on the whole affair.

It is difficult to see why it should be imagined that either of the contracting parties was duped in this treaty. Louis XIV went into it because he wanted Charles II's co-operation in the projected war against the Dutch and wanted it so badly that he was prepared to pay a high price for it; Charles II went into it because he considered it necessary for England that the naval and commercial power of the Dutch should be annihilated. The fact that he wanted money and perceived in this treaty an easy way of getting it is really beside the point and does not affect the validity of his more reputable motive. Nor must the original purpose of the treaty be deemed wrong because the subsequent war with the Dutch was mishandled; that is altogether another story. Can it be doubted that Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, both of whom understood to the full the importance of England's naval supremacy, would in similar circumstances have entered into an alliance with France? It is because of the clauses relating to Roman Catholicism—which it is doubtful if Charles ever intended to carry out—that the Treaty of Dover has been condemned. But disapproval of the King's somewhat peculiar means of procuring more favourable terms for himself should not be allowed to obscure the fact that he, and Madame with him, sincerely believed the main object of the treaty, the close friendship between the two countries, to be in the best interests of Great Britain.

Mr. Hartmann has been able to avail himself of a considerable amount of fresh material bearing upon the correspondence between Charles and his sister. He has also unearthed several more of their letters, besides finding reason to rearrange the letters in an order slightly different from that in which they have been hitherto printed.

In what he modestly calls "the thread of narrative," with which he strings the letters together, he succeeds in giving his reader a full and excellent commentary on the persons and general conditions of the time.

True to its title, "Adventuring and Other Poems" (Heath Cranton, 4s. 6d., illustrated). Miss Marguerite de Beaumont's book calls to the spirit of adventure that lurks in us all. The poems are songs of the open air; the sea, wind, moorland and sky.

The Old Buddha

THE old Empress Dowager of China—Tsu Hsi—who forced the Emperor Kwang Hsu to abdicate in her favour in 1898 and kept him a prisoner in her Court afterwards, was beyond doubt one of the most dominating personalities who ever occupied a throne.

She knew how to rule and exact obedience even in that vast and loosely-governed country over whose destinies she presided. She was as insistent upon the dignity of her position as ever Queen Victoria was, and as imperious in temper as our good Queen Bess.

Her Court officials might disrespectfully speak of her behind her back as the "Old Buddha," but those in contact with her knew too well that any lack of deference on their part in her presence would mean the loss for the rash individual of his or her head.

Princess Der Ling, who has written several charming books on China and who was formerly Chief Lady-in-Waiting to the Dowager Empress, has just written a delightful account of her experiences at Tsu Hsi's Court under the title, "Imperial Incense" (Stanley Paul, illustrated by Bertha Lumn, 12s. 6d.). It is a piquant story with its intimate revelations regarding the tastes, views and habits of a truly remarkable woman and Empress.

A Railway Excursion

When Tsu Hsi decided to take a pleasure trip by railway to Mukden, she was not content with any ordinary Royal train and carriage. The entire track between Peking and Mukden had to be sprinkled with damp golden sand, so that there should be no dust; all the sixteen carriages of the train had to be specially painted in Imperial yellow; and all the train's crew, from engine-driver down to cleaner, had to don mandarin hats, black satin boots and the full-coated silken dress of the Imperial eunuchs.

Four of the carriages were occupied by the cooks and their apparatus. There were fifty chefs and fifty lesser cooks. Each meal had to have a hundred courses and no man cooked more than two.

The journey, which normally took about a day, had to be drawn out to three, and during that time no other train was allowed on the track, except that of Her Imperial Majesty's military escort which followed behind.

No one was supposed to sit or rest except the Empress, but as this order was beyond human endurance to comply with, a compromise was resorted to of reclining at a lower plane than the Empress—on the floor of carriages behind her own!

The Imperial wardrobe for this pleasure trip by rail consisted of no less than 2,000 dresses. Tsu Hsi delighted in flowers and other beautiful things and she was feminine enough to devote considerable attention to the adornment of her own person. She was vain of her appearance even in her old age, and she knew of various beauty treatments which she put to good use.

Once the Princess, to the dismay of her father, suggested the employment of French dyes for the

Imperial hair, then threatening to turn grey. "If you happened to injure her hair," said the Princess's father, "there is not the slightest doubt that you would be decapitated." However, the experiment, happily for all concerned, proved a success.

On one occasion the Princess was privileged to witness the Imperial ablutions, and she noticed that the Empress's body was really beautiful, the flesh being white and smooth and such that any young girl might have envied. As for the bathing ceremonial, with its silver basins and its regiment of women attendants armed with phoenix-embroidered towels, used for soaping, washing and drying the Empress's person, that must be read of in the Princess's pages to be properly appreciated.

Tsu Hsi had her own way of taking medicine when she was ill. The Court physicians had to sample their own prescriptions in front of her, then, after sipping the various concoctions herself, she selected the one that tasted best.

"Passport, Please!"

THOUGH most people are inclined to regard passports as an unmitigated nuisance, the possession of one is essential to-day when abroad, because the lack of such a thing would stamp a person as destitute of a nationality. The connection between passports and nationality is traced in an interesting way in "Nationality and the Peace Treaties" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) by William O'Sullivan Molony, a member of the League of Nations secretariat. But that is only an introduction to his main subject which is concerned with the provisions of the treaties as they affect the minorities, and the reactions to them of these minorities.

In England this is not regarded as a matter of much significance because these treaties have no direct bearing on ourselves, nor are they likely to have, despite the desire of Poland to see them "universalised." But in countries where they do apply they occasion serious difficulties, much ill-feeling, and sharp controversies, accompanied by murders, incendiary attacks and other terroristic features, with the repercussions which might easily involve us too. The minorities enjoy the protection, such as it is, of the League, and this book shows how imperfect that enjoyment is.

Why the League has so little success, and is never likely to do any better, is summed up in one pregnant sentence: "The extent to which the question of the existing European frontiers is related to that of the nationality problem is being determined by political forces."

PSYCHOLOGY

& MODERN PROBLEMS

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Gleanings from New Books

A Trainer of Wild Animals

MR. R. W. THOMPSON is a young man who has already produced three unusually interesting travel books. He has now struck out a new line for himself, in the direction of a special kind of biography in which, as he tells us, his subject's adventures are "reconstructed" in accordance with his own conception of his subject's character and his own experience and imagination. He has certainly made an excellent job of it, even if his reader may be inclined to wonder at times if the author's reconstruction has been a trifle too imaginative. The biography is called "Wild Animal Man" (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.) and its subject is Mr. Reuben Castang, the trainer of every kind of wild animal from elephants, lions and tigers to apes. Mr. Castang's life, as Mr. Thompson unfolds it, must have been an extremely exciting one, full of strange adventures and remarkable for many narrow escapes from death. According to Mr. Thompson, Mr. Reuben Castang's mastery over wild animals has been largely due both to his understanding of animal character and his knowledge of their language. Mr. Thompson actually gives us samples of the different varieties of animal language, but he thoughtfully adds the caution to those who would make friendly approaches to tigers in the wilds that knowledge of the tiger language is not to be regarded as a complete safeguard. Mr. Castang's speciality of late years has been the training of "chimps" and he has the distinction of being the only man who has ever trained a mature chimpanzee.

An Ancestor of Pu Yi

"A. E. Grantham" (a lady who adopts this pseudonym) has written a diverting biography of the great-great-grandfather of Pu Yi, the ex-Emperor of China, who was earlier this year elevated by the Japanese to the throne of Manchuria, the cradle of his family.

The Emperor Chia Ch'ing, whose life and character form the theme of Mr. Grantham's book, "A Manchu Monarch" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), reigned for some twenty-five years, dying four years after the abortive English mission to his Court under Lord Amherst. The Emperor Chia Ch'ing seems to have been a singularly mean and suspicious character, given to snarling and sudden rages. "Neither highly gifted nor a born ruler, he yet had the courage and the strength to make himself sufficiently disagreeable to ensure obedience to his commands," says A. E. Grantham, while also crediting him with a certain amount of shrewdness and commonsense. But the wit and humour with which she reveals Chia Ch'ing's vices and failings for us throughout this book makes his story well worth reading.

Interviewing Celebrities

Miss Betty Ross, after doing a little interviewing and "heart-interest stories" for an American newspaper, conceived the ambition of becoming a free-lance interviewer of world-wide celebrities. So she left her newspaper and her home-town and set out for the outer world. She now gives us in "Heads and Tales" (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) the results of her interviews with the large number of great ones she succeeded in hunting down. There is a wide range of personality to tickle the fancy of the curious. Miss Ross introduces her reader to persons so various as Dr. Marie Stopes, President Masaryk, the Emir Abdullah, Tom Walls, George Bernard Shaw, Mahatma Gandhi, H. G. Wells and Queen Marie of Yugo-Slavia. Mr. Wells obligingly sketched the future of the world for her; the Mahatma, in the four minutes he allowed her, told her that the right work for women was in the fields and that woman's true path to happiness lay in "her return to the rôle of Eve." Mr. George Bernard Shaw assured her regarding his school-girl complexion that he never used soap on his face.

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Novels for the Library List

THE Penge Murder or the Thompson-Bywater case seems to have inspired Miss Tennyson Jesse with the theme for her new book "A Pin to see the Peepshow" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). The main facts are the same: the passion of a married woman for a lover, the writing of letters between the pair, the death of the husband in a scuffle and the scaffold for both the lovers. But in Miss Jesse's story the naval airman who killed the husband is a more romantic figure than the young ship's steward who fascinated Edith Thompson, and Julia, Miss Jesse's heroine, is a far more cultured being than her counterpart in the Penge Murder trial. She was a dreamer tied to a dull imaginative man with whom she had nothing in common. She dreamed as she gazed into the lighted windows of houses she passed of a glorified Julia, brilliant and successful, united to the perfect lover, and with the coming of the airman her dreams seemed about to be fulfilled. Later when she is awaiting execution her thoughts run: "She'd never had a chance of anything she really wanted. That was why she's always pretended. She'd only pretended Herbert's death, and it had suddenly come alive in spite of her. Now her death was here and she couldn't pretend any more." A fine psychological study.

A Woman Pioneer in Business

It is an ambitious task Miss Doris Leslie has set herself in "Full Flavour" (John Lane, the Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.). She sets out the story of four generations from the early Victorian days to the time of the Great War. In a book of this kind there is always the danger that the reader's interest may flag owing to the absence of the usual time factor and the necessity of following the fortunes of one generation after another. Miss Leslie surmounts the difficulty by presenting her reader with a charming but dominant figure, round whose life all the other lives are wound. This is a woman who, in an age when her sex were not expected to take part in commerce, showed remarkable ability in reorganising the ancestral cigar business and recreating her family's fortunes. She marries twice. Her first husband whom she loves, deserts her because of her too great absorption in business, and she loses her daughter for much the same reason. Her second marriage is more happy and leads to an amalgamation of tobacco firms. Her daughter dead, she still has her grandson, but he falls in love with the grand-daughter of the very woman with whom the first husband ran away. And then comes the War with the final blow to fall: the grandson, about to join up. Nemesis upon the woman, who realises in the end that she has "interfered enough with other people's lives." A fine story convincingly told.

The Inimitable Jeeves

Another Wodehouse book, with that priceless servitor Jeeves in attendance to solve everyone's difficulties in his own priceless Wodehouse way and with a company eminently suitable for Jeeves' remarkable psychological experiments. What more could anyone want who is on the look out for an uproariously funny tale? In "Right Ho, Jeeves" (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.), the only problem for the reader is how to stop laughing.

A Story of Contrasts

"Sister's Circus" by Marion Bower (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.), a story of a rich tradesman and his contact with the country life of 1896, is almost startling in its contrasts. The preposterous ideas on sex solemnly advanced by some of the women are widely at variance with their actions under the stress of emotion; the graciousness of the atmosphere, in which good manners formed no less a part of the good Christian than of the gentleman, contrasts sharply with the vignettes of the brutal aspects of town life, and, well concealed beneath the narrative, runs the thread of the Tory view. London at the end of the last century is faithfully depicted, and the varied characters move surely to their destined end. Rhodes, Duse and other personalities add life to the scene, which never loses its air of verisimilitude, even though used as but a background for the development of a somewhat unusual philosophy of love.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Legion and Ex-Service Men

SIR,—I have never bought a Poppy since the time when certain revelations were made at a public meeting in London concerning the salary and commission paid to the organiser of Poppy Day.

No one objects to a reasonable salary being paid to an organiser of a Charity Fund.

Many people, like myself strongly object, however, to large sums of money being diverted from ex-service men for whose benefit the public freely and willingly gave that money, to the payment of large commission to anyone for doing charitable work.

I often wonder what "Our Glorious Dead" would say if they knew.

I have never understood why the British Legion, who on their own admission only represent 340,000 ex-service men, are allowed to hold a world-wide Flag Day and to take all the proceeds, to the exclusion of other and very deserving associations which help ex-service men.

These others are not fortunate enough to have so much high patronage bestowed upon them, nor do they get a tithe of the advertisement which the Legion obtains.

By all means let Armistice Day be a Flag Day for ex-service men; but let the selling of poppies be controlled by an independent body representative of all recognised associations for helping ex-service men, and let such a body distribute the proceeds of each Poppy Day to the various Associations in proportion to the work which they do.

AN EX-OFFICER.

Junior United Services Club.

"Where the Legion Fails"

SIR,—May one ask the writer of the letter—"Where the Legion Fails"—to be a little more explicit?

Is he referring to the properly accredited member of a Branch, who applies to another Branch for temporary assistance, or to the casual "wayfarer," to whom help from Legion funds must not be given?

Branch officials see, during the course of the year, numbers of "wayfarers," who appear with plausible stories, but no credentials. As a rule, their papers, etc., "have been lost," and often it is quite impossible to check their antecedents. One gets to know those who turn up yearly at regular times!

I could give your correspondent many instances of "wayfarers" with faked credentials; could tell him of one who kept a *poste restante* address for the charitable at a Folkestone office; likewise, of one who turned up "half-seas-over," and, when refused Legion money, departed bawling that "that was not the Irish way of doing things!"

Perhaps the most amazing performance was that of a "wayfarer" who, having collected thirty shillings in Rye, spent nearly all of it on a taxi ride to Folkestone!

A. A. IRVINE, Lieut.-Colonel.
(Chairman, Rye Branch).

Ockman House,
Rye, Sussex.

Japanese Imports

SIR,—The Board of Trade statistics quoted by Mr. T. F. Howard, M.P., in his letter to your journal are, I think, worthy of even more attention than he suggests.

This closer attention will show us that our chief importers of the "miscellaneous" goods to which Mr. Howard refers are Germany, the United States, France, and Belgium.

Japan was last year only fifth in importance as an importer and she has in the last three years occupied as lowly a place as eighth. Further, her imports even last year were only 5.4 per cent. of the total imports in this section. Japan's increase in these imports over the past three years is less than one per cent. of the total imports in this class during the period mentioned. Yet Mr. Howard devotes the whole of his letter to criticising Japan's imports!

It would be an insult to suggest that British manufacturers are other than alive to their interests or have not the ability and the enterprise to win markets in the face

of the trade restriction which inevitably results from the tariff policies of Mr. Howard and his friends.

I could tell Mr. Howard of British firms which have provided the clearest answer to him, not by shrieking for tariffs or other trade-strangling devices, but by being enterprising and producing what the market wants at the right price. One British firm of doll-makers, for instance, has beaten in price and quality all imports in its field.

To conclude, I would suggest that Mr. Howard might like to revise his ideas of wage levels in Japan in view of the recent testimony at Geneva and the evidence of prominent British industrialists who have paid visits to Japan within the past year or so.

Wages in Japan are calculated before allowing for the value of truly remarkable welfare services which form a commendable part of Japan's industrial organisation. This welfare work has, I note, just drawn a very fine tribute from Sir Arnold Wilson—a former chairman of the Industrial Health Research Board, and one of the most experienced and competent authorities on the subject.

G. SLATER BOOTH (Honorary Secretary,
Anglo-Japanese Relations Committee).

Mr. Hore Belisha

SIR,—England is the only country in the world where it is thought a clean thing to say something against a man's name by way of criticism of something he does.

Your contributor "Kim," in derision of the Minister of Transport, Mr. Hore Belisha, says "his real name is Horeb Elisha one of the 'chosen.'"

The facts are very simple, and could easily have been obtained.

The Minister of Transport was born Belisha and baptised Leslie. He so remained until 1912 when his mother, then a widow, married Sir Charles Fraser Adair Hore.

Her son, in compliment to his stepfather, adopted, by the usual legal method, the name Hore.

Perhaps you will give the correction the same prominence that you gave to the (well I will call it) "mistake."

FREDERICK J. DERHAM.

Sesame Club, 49, Grosvenor Street, W. 1.

We welcome the opportunity of giving prominence to this letter which corrects our correspondent's mistake.

The Fascists' Aims

SIR,—Mr. J. H. Sherlock anticipates that the time will come when Sir Oswald Mosley, in the fight against Socialism, will be organising resistance to the attempts to sacrifice property and individualism.

It is perfectly true that the aim of the Leader of the British Union of Fascists is to retain the principle both of private property and of private enterprise, but it is even more his aim to ensure that neither the one nor the other is allowed to operate, as it does to-day, against the public welfare.

In the Fascist concept an ordered economic planning is possible only when every sectional interest is subordinated to the national interest.

In other words, so far from being a reactionary body, we are actually a revolutionary movement determined to destroy the evils which afflict our fellow-countrymen through the misuse of property and the barbarism of an uncontrolled individualism.

A. K. CHESTERTON
(for the British Union of Fascists).

Greengrocers' and Fruiterers' Shops

SIR,—There is a very dirty and objectionable custom that greengrocers and fruiterers practise, and that is of putting their vegetables and fruit outside their shops close down to the pavements, and sometimes right down on the pavements, in open baskets and boxes.

All goods ought to be at least three feet from the ground.

This matter ought to be taken in hand by the proper authorities.

Richmond, Surrey.

JAMES M. K. LUTTON.

The Empire Markets for British Goods

SIR,—The end of August marked an epoch-making event in Imperial trade history. The returns issued by the Board of Trade enable us to ascertain that during the first eight months of 1934 Empire countries have, for the first time on record, purchased from Great Britain manufactured goods of British origin to a greater value than those purchased by foreign countries—£98,700,000 and £98,200,000, respectively.

The white population of the overseas Empire is less than 25,000,000, and the total population only about one-third that of foreign countries. These Empire countries are in a large measure only partially developed, and the potential magnitude of future Imperial trade is thus brought home to us.

The increase over the corresponding period of last year, amounting to over £12,000,000, in our exports of manufactured goods to British countries is almost entirely due to increased purchases by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India. With so many foreign markets closed to us it is most satisfactory to see that we are making substantial headway in Empire countries, and that the Ottawa policy is thus completely vindicated.

We have embarked upon a new era, and my object in addressing you is not so much to call attention to these vital figures, encouraging as they are, as to impress upon all who have Imperial interests at heart that this is but a beginning.

The Ottawa Agreements, whatever their shortcomings, have, as a whole, proved themselves, but it is essential that we do not stand still or tie our hands by foreign agreements, thus limiting the scope of expansion.

As in all achievements of magnitude, there have been mistakes, omissions, miscalculations in connection with Ottawa, many of which still await rectification. Amplification is needed, extension and consolidation. The proof of statesmanship will lie in the recognition of the initial success of the policy, in the ability to grasp the opportunity with courage, zeal and vision, and to develop our best markets, widening their purchasing and selling power, as also their general prosperity, by a vigorous attempt to redistribute the population of the Empire on a long term plan. HENRY PAGE CROFT.

(Chairman, Empire Industries Association).

Wood in Passenger Ships

SIR,—I was very interested in the article by Major H. Reade in your issue of 29th September, the point upon which he comments—the suggested elimination of wood for the permanent equipment of passenger vessels—being a subject in which naval architects are naturally particularly interested.

The fact that the inherent qualities of hard wood and also plywood are such as to make these two materials of value from the insulating point of view, and yet substantially fireproof when subjected to proper treatment, is one which is of great importance.

It is satisfactory to note that, according to recent reports, the Secretary of the Department of Commerce in America is co-opting the naval authorities to discuss with the Department of Commerce the present position with regard to the manner in which International Convention requirements are being carried out in American ships. E. F. SPANNER.

9, Billiter Square, E.C.3.

One who is Amazed and Amused

SIR,—Out of curiosity, I bought your paper to-day, and do not know whether to be amazed or amused at its contents.

I am a life-long Conservative and I claim to be as good a patriot as any of your contributors, who, for obvious reasons, remain nameless for the most part.

But my idea of patriotism is not to indulge in uncharitable and almost libellous attacks on Britain's Prime Minister, who, for all his faults in the past, is now wearing himself out, physically, in his country's service.

Nor can I understand your form of patriotism, which sneers at the present united effort of all parties to bring back prosperity to Britain, and which belittles the wonderful achievements of the National Government.

Apparently you desire a return to the old party dog-fight, which produced the deplorable Socialist Government of 1929, and which nearly brought the country to financial bankruptcy in 1931.

If England is to keep free of Socialism, it is essential that we should retain a strong National Government, which alone can overcome the Socialist menace at the next election, as it did so triumphantly three years ago.

Yet, by your continual attacks on Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, you are, in reality, weakening the anti-Socialist cause, and merely playing into the hands of Mr. Lansbury and Sir Stafford Cripps.

You say that you are the only paper which 'dares to tell the truth.' It is a pity that your correspondent "Kim" did not tell the whole truth about the Bristol Conference. For the chief impression which I gained from the Conference was the unanimous desire of delegates to maintain a National Government and not to risk a return to disastrous party warfare.

Your idea of patriotism seems to be the promotion of party and sectional interests, as shown by the worst kind of reactionary Toryism which I hoped, had long since disappeared.

My idea of patriotism is a concerted effort of all men of good-will, to discard their old party shibboleths and prejudices, and to unite together to pull their country through the present crisis. This real kind of patriotism is shown by the present National Government.

United we stand, divided we fall. D. P. BURKE.

The Cottage, Queen's Road, Cheltenham.

[If our correspondent will go on reading the *Saturday Review* he will, one feels sure, cure himself not only of the uncertainty of mind which leaves him half amazed and half amused, but also of his present tendency to indulge in rather foolish assumptions. We disapprove of Mr. MacDonald heartily, not only because of his very seamy past, but because his present policy suggests that he has in no way changed his former opinions. The leopard cannot change its spots, nor Ramsay MacDonald his heart. He still clings to his faith in Russia and in pacifism—at Britain's expense. Everywhere we find THE CLOVEN HOOF OF RUSSIA. His leadership can only bring Conservatism to disaster. It was not "the old party dog fight" that produced the Socialist Government in 1929, but the present Conservative leader's ineptitude. The "National" Government has nothing National about it; it merely stands for a coalition in which Conservatism pays the piper and Socialism calls the tune. The Socialist menace will not be quelled by pandering to it, but by stern, uncompromising resistance to it. That is the real problem that faces all true Conservatives to-day.—Ed.]

Majority of Educated Indians Loyal

SIR,—Great as is my admiration for the work of Mr. Hamish Blair and for the wonderful accuracies of his prophesies in his book, I cannot help feeling that, in his note in your issue of September 1st, he must have been suffering from a bad attack of "Bengalitis."

It may be true, in his province, to say that there are not any educated or professional Indians who are not actively or passively disloyal, but it is certainly not so "throughout the length and breadth of the country."

Of professional politicians, no doubt, this is true, and it may be true that practically every professional man is a politician in Bengal, but I should say that, spread over the country, the majority of thinking Indians appreciate the work that is being done by Englishmen in India, that they are thoroughly loyal to the "Raj" and that they view the advent of the lunacy of the White Paper proposals with the greatest apprehension.

Yours faithfully,

Hyderabad, India.

A FRIEND OF INDIA.

MUSIC NOTES

OPERA AT SADLER'S WELLS

By Herbert Hughes

OPERA goes strong at Sadler's Wells. If Beaumarchais, whose knowledge of London was chiefly acquired as a secret service man, could have looked in last Saturday afternoon he would have found lots of people in the pit and gallery chuckling over *Le Barbier de Séville*. He would have found his once prohibited comedy charmingly transmuted through the sparkling music of an Italian of whom he had never heard, one Gioacchino Rossini, whose wit and skill recalled Mozart's; he would have found it astonishingly alive in the English words put to it by Professor Dent of Cambridge; and when he came out into the open air again he would have discovered dozens of well-behaved people sitting on little canvas stools placed close to the walls of the theatre, waiting for an evening performance of *Faust*, an opera and ballet made by one Gounod (with literary assistance) from the highbrow drama written by his serious German contemporary, Goethe. In Beaumarchais' time the Wells of Mr. Sadler were made attractive in another way, but I doubt if people sat on camp stools waiting for the evening show.

Under John Barbirolli's conductorship "The Barber" is indeed a show worth going a long way to see and hear. To the producer, John B. Gordon, must go the credit for first-class team work, although he, in his turn, would assuredly give the credit to his well-chosen singers. Henry Wendon, the tenor of the piece, has improved enormously in recent seasons both as actor and singer; he manages his *mezza voce* now with real skill, his tendency to throatiness is disappearing, and if he would only loosen his limbs a little more and behave as carelessly and easily as he does in his own drawing-room, he would be a match for any of your lyric tenors. This matter of team work, of course, can hardly be over-rated, and in this production it is so outstanding that the weakness of the weakest member of a group was barely noticeable.

Percy Heming's impersonation of Doctor Bartolo is the best I have seen in any opera house anywhere, and he can sing all that is required of him with consummate mastery and ease; but it is a part of his mastery to remember his colleagues in *ensemble*, to restrain his own resonant voice and his ebullient temperament so that the rôle he is performing shall be proportionate within the scene. His sense of comedy is so clearly infectious that it is all to the good in a work like "The Barber" or "Fledermaus." And if the famous Lesson Scene in Act III became a frolic under his influence, and definitely farce, what matter? His fellow artists were game, and Mr. Barbirolli's orchestra did not lag behind.

A word about two others in this cast, Ruth Naylor and Ronald Stear. Miss Naylor I had never seen before as Rosina, and the name of Mr.

Stear, who played Don Basilio, was unfamiliar. We are not rich in *coloratura* sopranos in this country, and few of them are noted for their acting. Miss Naylor can both sing and act, act with her hands and her eyes and her feet, with her whole body. She sings dead in tune and her voice has not the least suspicion of a wobble. Consequently not only the big scene in the third Act, upon which Rosina must stand or fall, but all her scenes were delightful. She is a veritable acquisition here.

So, too, is Mr. Stear, who comes (I understand) from the Carl Rosa. He also can sing and act; a fine figure of a man, with a sonorous, well-produced bass voice. I found his Don Basilio curiously magnetic and uncanny throughout, partly due to a well-considered make-up, and partly to an evident sense of the fantastic which the born mummer must possess.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE MAGIC OF MOZART

Reviewed by Herbert Hughes

FROM a String Quintet of Mozart to some music heard in a contemporary film is a pretty good stretch of musical history and of current taste; yet it is an ordinary sort of phenomenon, typical of the average monthly output of H.M.V. In the particular batch of records before me the Mozart is the glorious Quintet in G. Minor (Köchel 516) as played by the Pro Arte String Quartet with Alfred Hobday as second viola. (It appears as No. 215 in the familiar Album Series of complete works). The names of the players here are synonyms of fine *ensemble* work, known the world over. Nowhere in this playing will you find anything but complete fidelity to the composer's text; these Brussels musicians and their English *confrère* have no use for clap-trap virtuosity. Pure tone, intelligent phrasing, and absolute unanimity of rhythm, plus that fidelity to the text—these are the qualities expressed in this performance and made permanent in a priceless album.

Three 12-inch red label discs bear Alfred Cortot's name. These contain the Twelve Studies of Chopin (Op. 10) played with characteristic grace and vivacity by that popular French pianist. He is not one of the world's giants in the keyboard business; he is too highly-strung for that, too inclined to be nervous and lose the thread of the music he is playing—at least as soloist, for he is always superb in concerted work. In the case of these recorded Studies it would be unreasonable to ask for anything more lovely, more authentically within the Chopin tradition, and I may leave it at that. (The disc numbers are D.B. 2027-9).

There is more discretion than valour in the Bruckner record (C. 2685) just issued, complete

with a Scherzo on each side—one from his first Symphony and the other from his second. Bruckner has been no catch in England; when we have taken Austrians to our bosom they have been of the calibre of Mozart and Schubert on the one hand and the dance kings on the other. Bruckner was chockful of sheer Germanism, just a generation or two too late. Nevertheless, I recommend these *schersi* to the connoisseur; they are admirably played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Fritz Zaun. And to those who care for good *coloratura* singing I would suggest a disc (C. 2688) made by Miliza Korjus containing "Una voce poco fa" and the delicious Variations made by the all-but-forgotten Adam on Mozart's "Ah! Vous dirai-je-Maman" (our "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep").

Among the lighter things to be noted in this batch are the following: "Sing as we go" (foxtrot) and "Love, wonderful Love" (waltz) from the film "Sing as we go" (B. 6514), and "The Prize Waltz" and "Moonlight is Silver" (B. 6516), each played by Ray Noble and his Orchestra; "With my eyes wide open I'm dreaming" and "Moon-Glow" (foxtrots) played by the orchestras of Isham Jones and Don Bestor respectively (B. 6517); and "Harlem Madness" and "Phantom Fantasie" (also foxtrots) played by Fletcher Henderson and his Orchestra. The soft allurements of the waltzes is in gentle contrast to the excitement of the foxtrots, and they are all well played.

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THEATRE

BRICKS WITHOUT STONE

By Russell Gregory

By Appointment

New Theatre

IT is a recognised canon of musical comedy that the plot is unimportant provided it is served up with witty dialogue, clever lyrics, some humour, and good music. Mr. Frederick Jackson is obviously aware of this and has provided the dullest plot that one could possibly imagine. Unfortunately Mr. Arthur Stanley has seen fit to embellish a dull libretto with even duller lyrics, and Mr. Kennedy Russell has, with his undistinguished music, succeeded in removing the gilt from whatever gingerbread there might have been.

The fact that no-one could conceivably be interested for more than a few moments in the hitherto unrecorded incidents connected with the doubtful liaison between George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert need not militate against one's enjoyment of a musical comedy which uses this as its central theme, but when it becomes obvious that the trimmings are witless and vapid, one's boredom gives place to a certain amount of annoyance.

To be more particular, I do not wish to display my ignorance by saying that certain of the tunes reminded me of old favourites of mine, and if I said that I seemed to detect "Moirs, my Girl" and certain passages from Eric Coates' "Knightsbridge," I may confidently expect to be written down an ass. But so it seemed to me.

Maggie Teyte sang as only Maggie Teyte knows how, and Frederick Ranaow proved once again what an excellent artist he is. For the rest, Charles Mayhew did his level best in an impossible part and Vivienne Chatterton established herself as a superb maker of bricks without any straw whatever.

Dear Brutus

Embassy

By J. M. Barrie

I happen to be old enough to have seen the original production of this play, and the memory of Hatherton, du Maurier and Faith Celli is still so strong upon me that I find it difficult to approach a revival with any sense of proportion. This is not to say that Richard Goolden, Vernon Sylvaine and Sara Jackson were in any way unworthy of the creators of Barrie's immortal characters. Barbara Couper, too, gave a technically perfect performance as Mr. Dearth, and John Fernald's production was beyond reproach.

The fact that it simply was not Barrie is probably my fault rather than that of the students, ex-students and professors of the Embassy School of Acting. It is always difficult to rid oneself of poignant memories. The most one can do therefore is to say that, as far as the students and ex-students are concerned, Irma Angelo and Peter Ashmore confirmed my belief in their abilities, and that Sara Jackson shows considerable promise. The Professors were as good as we have a right to expect them to be.

A Foreign Bond Injustice

(By Our City Editor)

CHILE, who defaulted on her external debt entirely in 1931 when the nitrate industry, on which her prosperity so largely depends, was plunged in the depths of depression, is now considering means for the resumption of part payments. Chile has been an honest debtor and the news that the earliest opportunity is being taken to right the wrongs of default is highly satisfactory. Rather less pleasant, however, is the hint that the amount which the Chilean authorities find to be available for foreign debt payments is to be applied half in interest disbursements and half in buying up the bonds themselves which naturally stand at "rubbish" prices. The reason for their low price is the default itself and it is a great injustice to holders that any sums available for interest should be applied to sinking fund operations to add the insult of capital loss to the injury of default. It is to be hoped that not only will the bondholders or their agents reject any such scheme, but also that the British Government will bring to bear all possible pressure to secure for the British creditors the best possible terms after their three years of patient waiting.

South American Banking

The report of the Anglo-South American Bank for the past year is encouraging, chiefly for the directors' optimism with regard to the internal conditions ruling in the countries in which the Bank operates, for there is a reminder that no improvement has taken place in international trade. Profits are actually lower for the year at £60,783, of which £57,720 is placed to contingency fund and the smaller totals in the balance sheet are due chiefly to the depreciation in the currencies of the countries with which the Bank is concerned. A disquieting factor is introduced in the shape of an announcement that in certain of the countries further legislation designed to relieve debtors at the expense of creditors has been put into force involving considerable loss to the Bank. This avoidance of payment of debts is a most infectious disease. The shares of the Bank are £5 paid with a £5 liability and they are a pure but not entirely unattractive gamble at 8s.

A Quaint Conversion

Those who recollect the hectic raising of capital by public issues in 1928 will be interested to note the new development proposed by Colour Snapshots (Foreign) Ltd. The company was formed to acquire the foreign rights of a colour photography process from the parent concern, Colour Snapshots (1928) Ltd., now in liquidation. For some time the subsidiary struggled on with no particular reason for existence until now it is proposed to turn the company into a mining concern to exploit a South African property entitled Lone Hand Gold Mines. Shareholders are to be given the right to take up one new 5s. share credited as 3s. paid for every eight shares held, a privilege which will cause many of them "furiously to think." It

is difficult to see why the new mining venture should have any connection at all with the original Colour Snapshots (Foreign) Ltd.

The Stag at Bay

Warning was recently given in these columns of the activity of "stag" applicants for new issues and an interesting example of the "stag at bay" was presented last week when the sudden news of the assassination of King Alexander plunged markets into uncertainty. The lists had just opened for an issue of £2,500,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 101 by Associated British Picture Corporation and in view of the attractive appearance of the stock the issue was heavily "staggered." The news from Marseilles, however, immediately frightened the "stags" and something like £900,000 of applications were withdrawn, the result of the issue being that 26 per cent. of the stock was left in the hands of the underwriters and dealing started at 13/16 discount. This result is obviously not genuine at a time when new issues of all kinds are being oversubscribed. Interest on the new stock is covered about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times and the company's activities promise further expansion, so that with a yield of almost 5 per cent. it looks an attractive investment for those who were content not to join in the rush.

COMPANY MEETING

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED

Strong Financial Position
Tea and Rubber Prospects

PRESIDING at the 26th Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd. yesterday, Mr. Eric Miller referred with gratification to the improvement in the Company's fortunes, attributable very largely to the fact that both the Tea and the Rubber industries had been put on their feet by international agreement. "We consider," he said, "we are amply justified in making a full distribution of our profits this year. After the final dividends are paid, our free resources and undistributed profits will amount to over £700,000; a very strong financial position is thus disclosed and is further emphasised by the liquidity of a large proportion of our resources."

"The international scheme for regulating the exports of Tea has saved the industry from chaos. There is some natural disappointment that it has not reduced Tea stocks to a lower level, but I think this is due mainly to the fact that the extent of invisible stocks was previously under-estimated. Regulation of output is in itself a palliative, and not a cure. The power of good advertising is great and the Tea Producers' Associations are consolidating their efforts in a publicity campaign to impress the public of different countries with the slogan 'Drink more and better Tea.'"

Turning to Rubber, Mr. Miller said that although during June and July the exports under Regulation were about 70,000 tons less than the permissible quantities, heavy arrivals during the last three months of 1934 will bring about a considerable increase in stocks. On the other hand world absorption has expanded at a gratifying pace and during the next four years at least the Rubber producing industry can look forward to a period of moderate prosperity.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock, making 20 per cent. for the year, was declared.

CINEMATHE BARRETTS OF
WIMPOLE STREET

By Mark Forrest

"IF it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Macbeth's good advice to himself should have been called to mind by the Metro-Goldwyn company when it set out to make a picture of "*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*," but unfortunately it was not and, though an excellent photograph of the play has resulted, the finished article has no cinematic importance. The deed, like the murder of Duncan, was a big mistake, for Mr. Besier's play has nothing in its composition of which the camera can take advantage. It is extremely well-written and holds up a clear mirror to an aspect of the Victorian age, but it is essentially a work of dialogue. Miss Barrett talks, her father lays down the law, Mr. Browning shouts, Miss Henrietta wails, and from this concatenation the tragedy emerges straightforwardly and without haste.

But such a combination does not lend itself to the cinema, and there is nothing for the eye to do once the accuracy with which the Victorian furnishings have been reproduced has been digested.

Comparisons

A few shots of the park and the meanderings of the dog, Flush, contain the only real movement throughout the film; for the rest there is a constant stream of talk. Luckily the latter is well worth hearing, but those who heard the play have no real need to hear the picture, unless they wish to make comparisons. Is Charles Laughton as powerful as Sir Cedric Hardwicke? How does Norma Shearer's star shine when placed beside that of Gwen Ffrangcon Davies?

Personally I preferred the two stage performances, but I am grateful to Charles Laughton for resisting all temptation to make Mr. Barrett too horrible a creature and for restraining any impulse to overdo the macabre. Norma Shearer's performance also does her credit; she manages to suggest the poetess in Miss Barrett and has schooled her Canadian accent into some measure of servility. Fredric March's Mr. Browning is in the cinema tradition. He does not suggest the poet at all, but he cuts the well-known figure of the tempestuous lover with gusto and precision.

The settings are perfect. Miss Barrett's room where practically the whole of the action takes place is splendidly reproduced, and the costumes have been chosen with the same discernment.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

FRITZ LANG'S

"DR. MABUSE" (A)

and

"MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM" (A)

BROADCASTING

SOME VIEWS ON NEWS

By Alan Howland

IT was with some trepidation that I listened to the first news bulletin as devised by the recently appointed News Editor. I was not, if I may coin a word, trepidated by the fact that it was a first performance, but I did have an uneasy feeling at the base of the spine—a feeling which I am sure the News Editor shared with me—that the results of his labours might possibly fail to correspond with the amount of publicity which has heralded his appointment.

It is a commonplace with anyone who has had any connection with the B.B.C. that a new broom is expected to sweep very clean indeed. It may sweep the pictures off the wall, it may sweep out of the room in the highest of dudgeons, but provided it sweeps, all is well. So much I and many others have always known, and apparently the new News Editor is also cognisant of the fact.

There is not the slightest doubt that the B.B.C. boys think the new style of News Bulletin a vast improvement on the old one. Yet what are the essential facts about this startling departure? In the first place the time of transmission has been altered. No longer do we settle down to hear a rehash of the lunch-time edition at nine o'clock, but we have to wait an agonising thirty minutes before we can hear from the lips of Mr. Hibberd the news which we have assimilated over our morning coffee. Moreover, the announcer can no longer condense his vital information into fifteen minutes; thirty minutes is the allotted span and it simply has to be filled somehow. The fact that he uses twice the number of words on the same amount of news is merely a sign of Progress.

Another sign of Progress is that the Bulletin is now divided haphazard between the purely impersonal announcer, the eye-witness (name usually suppressed) and re-recorded sound effects. This method of presentation might, in the hands of an experienced theatrical or film producer, be extremely interesting. Botched together as it is with the heavy hand of the enthusiastic amateur, it is meaningless.

If the news-bulletin is to be changed—for the sake of change, be it noted—from a straightforward statement of fact to a dramatisation of current events, at least let us have our drama presented to us in the manner of the West End of London rather than in that of a second-rate amateur performance at the Cripplegate Institute.

The moral of this diatribe is that change is only welcome when it is change for the better. I am quite aware that the B.B.C. does not subscribe to this dictum. In Portland Place, Maida Vale, St. George's Hall and Waterloo Road, anything which is different is bound to be better than what went before. To a certain extent this is true. Nothing could be worse than some of the programmes which have emanated from the headquarters of British Broadcasting.

MOTORING

Impressions of the Motor Show

By Sefton Cummings

STREAMLINING, both unobtrusive and bizarre, and independent suspension are the two features which strike one most at the Motor Show. I do not say that they are necessarily the most important features, but they attract the most attention.

Nearly every make is represented—with one notable exception—and prices range from as little as £118 complete to £2,750 for a chassis alone, or just a thousand pounds more than the 40/50 Rolls Royce. This is the price of the 75 horse-power Hispana Suiza. Three or four, believe it or not, have already been sold, surely a sign of increasing prosperity! For Mr. Hore-Belisha's benefit, I will add that the concessionaires claim that it will accelerate from standing still to ninety miles an hour in 60½ seconds, with a heavy limousine body!

But perhaps the most interesting of the high priced cars is the Mercedes Benz supercharged straight eight. Last year the equivalent model cost over three thousand pounds; this year it has been reduced to £1,890, complete with body. It has a guaranteed speed of 110 miles per hour.

The interesting feature about this car is independent suspension back and front. A special differential has been designed with patent couplings on each side, allowing each half shaft to move up and down with the wheels. The suspension is on the vertical spiral spring system. However, I do not think the foreign cars will attract a number of purchasers. We can build models of equal or nearly equal performance with much smaller engines, a result, of course, of the much-criticised horse-power tax.

Speed with Silence

Lancia, of course, has independent front wheel suspension, unnoticed this time because it has featured it for so many years. Delage has achieved it by means of a transverse-leafed spring, and Citroën have a form. But the two most interesting, after the Mercedes, are on British-made cars, the Singer and the Vauxhall.

Both these are on much the same system, a spiral spring set at an angle of forty-five degrees to the vertical, which, taking a paper view, should be more efficient than the absolutely vertical, since they should absorb thrust as well as an upwards motion.

The latest Rolls-Royce-Bentley was naturally a centre of interest. Silence, reliability, and tremendous acceleration have been aimed at rather than extreme speed on top. The maximum is some ninety-four miles an hour with the standard gear ratio, which may be increased to ninety-nine by fitting a higher one. A feature of the Bentley is an air silencer to prevent carburettor hiss, which illustrates the degree of silence which has been aimed at. Incidentally, the Mercedes also have this feature.

Though baby cars are still featured, there is a tendency on the whole for horse-powers to be increased, in view of the taxation concessions which come into force on January 1st. This, I think, is a welcome feature, as it should open the foreign market still further to our manufacturers. The experience we have gained in high efficiency engines should still be invaluable to us, and this, incorporated into engines of larger capacity should produce a model which is saleable the whole world over.

The Petrol Tax

This, of course, means increased petrol consumption, and in this direction I think the Government have been illogical. After all, they did not reduce the horse-power tax without reason, unless we assume that they do everything without reason, by no means a ridiculous conclusion. For what is the use of giving a concession on the swings and taking it away on the roundabouts? For the sake of employment, the type of owner we want to diminish is the one who uses his car in the summer and lays it up during the winter. Taxation used to play a prominent part in this, and the petrol duty, which is equally taxation, is bound to militate in the wrong direction in the future.

The Government seem too concerned in helping dying industries when common sense points to developing the new. I should like to see every working man going to his job in his own car and taking his family out in it during the week-end, as used to be the case in America.

So much for a few of the cars and some observations which may or may not be off the point. As for the rest of them, in the higher class of small vehicles Lanchesters seem to have produced a sound job, though I could have wished they had designed a less cumbersome type of bonnet. This, with its falling sides and rising top, is worthy of the worst philistinism of Armstrong Siddeley.

Of the more popular classes, Austins and Morris will probably continue to sell best, on account of their excellent engine reputations. As I said last week, new departures do not make for greatly increased sales unless the fundamentals have been proved and found excellent.

So I pass to the coachbuilding, and here I must admit I received a series of shocks. On the whole it was reasonable and efficient, but in some instances—and famous firms were by no means the least offenders—the designers, overcome by the desire to please some legendary public, seem to have lost their heads completely. I saw one chassis, accustomed to the stately progress of royalty, converted to a species of overgrown and goggle-eyed toad. Painted in demi-mondaine beige, it blinked two evil eyes in each of its fantastic wings, while its hitherto sedate bonnet was twisted into fantastic curves.